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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ATTACKS from the kept press of Italy do not matter. Italian newspapers all say what the Duce bids them, and we know what the Duce thinks of any one who opposes him. The question is whether at Geneva the British Government means to do more than protest. The comments of the other League Powers make it clear that they are all waiting for British leadership and that the surrender to Mussolini was due less to French reluctance than to the lack of support for Mr. Eden in the British Cabinet. Mr. MacDonald has long been "anti-League"; Lord Hailsham, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Runciman and Mr. Thomas are all known to have opposed a resolute policy. Mussolini, well aware that France cannot quarrel with the League, all her European allies and Great Britain too, would have proved less intransigent, if he had not also known that Great Britain was half-hearted. If he continues to believe this during the coming negotiations, how can they succeed? And, if they fail, what further hole is there left for Great Britain and France to hide in when the Council meets in September?

The Troubles in France

The dockyard strikes which are holding up the French liners are more important than the Invergordon mutiny in England. For though Invergordon was a considerable factor in sending Great Britain off gold and the strikes may not send France off gold, Invergordon was an isolated event and the French strikes are part of a great movement of the Left. In "saving the franc," M. Laval appears to have successfully reunited the French Trade Union movement, which has been split ever since the war between the orthodox and Communist factions. Negotiations between the C.G.T. and the C.G.T.U., the two rival Trade Union Confederations, have led to agreement to a fusion of forces; and a united front in industry has thus been added to the united front already established between the Socialist and Communist Parties. Politically, indeed, the alliance now extends, in the form of a "Front Populaire," to the left-wing Radicals as well as the working-class parties; and there seems to be no doubt that the Left has recently received a big accession of strength. There is serious trouble over the "cuts" among the public employees, leading this week to large-scale riots in the two chief dockyard towns, Brest and Toulon. Meanwhile, M. Laval is busy with his measures for reducing the cost of living by decree, on the model set by Fascist Italy. He has now made the innovation of calling a general meeting of all the prefects, in order to explain to them how the new decrees are meant to be administered. Evidently a great deal will depend on the success of the local administrations in translating M. Laval's general measures into positive decisions on particular points. Unless he can really bring down the cost of living to a

substantial extent his Government seems to have little chance of survival beyond the autumn.

The Struggle in Danzig

The position in Danzig has become more desperate and more ridiculous each day. Originally Danzig went bankrupt from being too Nazi—too inflationary on the one hand, and too dependent upon German help on the other. Devaluation damaged Polish interests, and Poland hit back, on July 22nd, by refusing any longer to recognise the Free City of Danzig as part of her own customs area as arranged at Versailles. "Splendid," thinks President Greiser, "I will mend my ways by emphasising them." He therefore demands dictatorial power to which he is not, probably, constitutionally entitled, in order to bind Danzig more closely to Germany. Agricultural goods, coal, etc., are to come in duty free from Germany, and there is talk of avoiding the imposition of the zloty by introducing the German mark—that heroic myth. In this way it is hoped to checkmate the Poles, force Berlin to be more helpful in spite of Colonel Beck, and emasculate the increasing oppositional feeling in Danzig itself. The more the Danzig Government can identify itself with Berlin the better can it mobilise the anti-Polish feelings of the average Danziger, while disposing of its adversaries in Labour Camps and so on in Germany. But neither the Polish Government nor the League of Nations can accept this rather clumsy attempt to reincorporate the Free City of Danzig in the Reich, and the Polish Commissioner, M. Papée, has already offered to supply Danzig on long-term credits. The Poles know perfectly well that if Danzig were in any way joined to East Prussia, the question of the Corridor would immediately become more acute.

German Discontent

Discontent in Germany is openly displayed almost for the first time. Workers in employment are underpaid and underfed; there have been numerous dismissals from jobs through shortage of orders in the factories. Strikes, which the Government has tried to hush up, have increased. Catholic workers, whose Trade Unions, like those of the Socialists, have of course been dissolved, are nevertheless acting in concert. No doubt all this helped to give tone and fury to the speeches delivered by some of the Nazi leaders last week-end. Dr. Ley, leader of the Labour Front, talked about a coming "crisis," but Dr. Goebbels scouted the idea. He boasted of the success which the Party had had, or of the further successes which it meant to have, in putting down its adversaries—with special reference at the moment to the Catholics and the Stahlhelm. The latest line of attack on the Catholics is to accuse them of an unholy alliance with the Communists to discredit the regime. In support of this the Nazis can now quote the German Communist delegate at the Comintern Congress in Moscow who declared that he and his comrades were striving for a united front which would include the Catholic workers.

More Trouble in Greece

Bank Holiday is not a festival in Greece, but the island celebrated last Monday with a first-class row. It began with a general strike in support of the currant workers' demand for higher wages and shorter hours. This presently developed into fighting and the seizure of a number of public buildings in Candia—a miniature rebellion, in fact, which was eventually put down by troops, reinforced by warships and aeroplanes hastily dispatched from Athens. It would be a mistake to exaggerate the seriousness of this outbreak; but some political significance it evidently had, despite governmental assertions to the contrary. Crete was the last rallying place of the rebels in the March rising, and it is still a stronghold of Republican sentiment. There have been other strikes in different parts of Greece, which, though in origin economic, have been partially inspired by political feeling. The signs are that this feeling will run high, and dangerously high, when a few months hence the country is asked to decide by a plebiscite for or against the restoration of the monarchy.

Steel and the Cartel

The import duties on a wide range of semi-finished steel goods are now back at 20 per cent. This is in accordance with the five-year agreement recently made between the British Iron and Steel Federation and the Continental Steel Cartel. Under this arrangement, imports from the cartel countries are to be limited in quantity; and the prohibitive duties which were used as a lever in bargaining with the Cartel have therefore now been taken off. In accordance with our trade agreements based on the Most Favoured Nation Clause the lower duties will, of course, apply to other foreign producers besides those in the Cartel. The Cartel objects to this; and our manufacturers are now demanding the institution of a licensing system, in order to enable quotas to be applied to the Cartel producers and, presumably, imports from outside the Cartel area to be largely shut out. The Import Duties Advisory Committee has, of course, no power to grant this, as legislation would be needed; but its report on the question of lowering the duties favours a licensing system, which it seems to regard as indispensable if the agreement between the British producers and the Continental Cartel is to work with success. So we may expect a Bill for setting up a system of licences for steel imports in the near future—another nail in the coffin of the Most Favoured Nation Clause and another step towards thoroughgoing discriminative protection.

Better Late than Never

The Congress of the Comintern shows that Communists are like other human beings—they are capable of learning by experience (if it is tragic enough), but only do so very, very slowly. The Congress came to a very sensible, if belated decision. In future each national Communist Party must take more responsibility for its own policy and expect guidance instead of orders from Moscow. The appeal is to be less "abstract" and tactics to proceed "from the concrete situation and specific conditions in each particular country." Apparently they are to attack their potential friends less vehemently and to make more efforts at genuine co-operation with all other anti-Fascist forces. The Congress was clearly impressed by the speech of Comrade Pieck whose experience of the failure of Communist tactics in Germany must have been very much to the point. There is at least a possibility that if the Communist Party had reached its present point of view four years ago Hitler would never have triumphe.

The lesson has been learnt in France, where the working alliance of the parties of the Left is one of the most encouraging features in the European situation. Now that Russia has become a League power much of "the party line" has to be revised on many issues, and in this country it is comic but satisfactory to see the *Daily Worker* demanding sanctions against Italy. Hitherto it has always denounced the League as a bourgeois sham, whose only purpose was to plot a capitalist war against Russia.

The Challenge to Liberals

With the tide flowing against the Government and not strongly in favour of the Labour Party there is a revival of what is broadly called Liberalism, and this year's Liberal Summer School at Cambridge was an unusually lively affair. Mr. Lloyd George talked agriculture, and Sir Herbert Samuel and other Liberal politicians and economists made able and interesting contributions. But the most challenging speech came from Lord Allen. As chief promoter of the *Next Five Years*—which is Liberal policy up to date—he could speak with some authority. He made a very sensible outburst against the absurd Liberal habit of denouncing Socialism—as they did once again in their Blackpool programme—when their own "Yellow Book" was "riddled with Socialism from end to end." If by Socialism we are to understand the jettisoning of *laissez faire*, it is certainly true that no one, however deeply steeped in the traditions of the nineteenth century, can examine the present state of affairs and construct a policy which is not socialistic. But the next step for Liberals—and not only for Liberals—is to realise with equal clarity that you cannot "control" capitalism piecemeal. The *Next Five Years* rightly insists that the test of any scheme of State reorganisation for an industry must be whether it will after reorganisation continue to restrict production in the interests of private profit. And the profit motive will usually prevail and the industry be run in the interest of the producer instead of the consumer, unless it is actually owned by the State.

This Britain

The silly season has so far produced two demonstrations—one from the unco-patriotic and the other from the unco-guid—which leave us between laughter and tears. The first was the exploitation by certain Tory M.P.s and newspapers of the elementary school girl who wrote an essay to say that England was the best country in the world, which provoked a casual criticism from a school inspector. The worst of this business was not the ridiculous row in the House of Commons, but the stunt made out of the unfortunate child by the popular press, which for two or three days on end treated her like a film star. For the other diversion we are indebted to the Northern Presbytery of the Free Church of Scotland, which has pronounced a solemn censure on Provost Murray for the sin of holding a dance in his house. These grim moralists declare that "promiscuous dancing fosters the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life," and they even warn the young against "giving countenance to such Romish practices as that of observing Christmas Eve." *Tantum religio potuit suadere comicorum!*

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THE LEAGUE OR THE DUCE?

GENEVA has launched its thunderbolt, and the thing looks remarkably like a squib. The resolutions of the League Council which were passed on Saturday night are, on the face of them, a surrender to Mussolini, except at one point. The Conciliation Commission is to resume its work, but will confine itself to the Wal Wal incident, as Italy insisted it should. A fifth arbitrator is to be appointed, but not by the League. Great Britain, France and Italy are to pursue "conversations," but without Abyssinia. Mussolini has given no undertaking not to resort to force or not to continue his preparations for war—and he is, in fact, continuing them as openly and as truculently as ever. The one point on which a stand was made was the jurisdiction of the Council over the whole dispute, and even then the victory was a very doubtful one. The Council when it meets a month hence will be seized of the affair by a report from Mr. Eden on the Three Power conversations; M. Laval, who was to have informed the Council that he would join Mr. Eden in giving this report, actually said nothing on the matter. That is perhaps of no great consequence; what is more important is that Italy is not bound by the resolution—she repudiates the League's jurisdiction on September 4th as on August 3rd or at any other time.

What is the meaning of this surrender? Were we deceived in the belief that the French attitude had stiffened? Was Mr. Eden's resolution (his own sincerity nobody questions) a façade hiding an irresolute and divided Cabinet in Downing Street? Or was the "formula" of last Saturday merely a strategic retreat intended to gain time for further attempts at an amicable settlement, and to prepare the way, should those attempts fail, for strong action in September? We should have a clearer answer to those questions before the month is up. For the moment, the apologists say that the League has "gained time." It would be nearer the truth to say that it has lost it. The value of the delay depends on what it is going—or to be more exact what Great Britain and France and Italy are going—to do with it. About Italy's August programme we are left in no doubt; it is the July and June and May programme intensified—mobilisation, war propaganda, military and technical preparations for the carnage as soon as the season permits. What then is to be the line of the French and British Governments in the forthcoming "conversations"—assuming, as we must, that they are going to pursue one line and not two? There are in fact grounds for believing that the French Government are now growing almost as anxious as the British to avert war. Their earlier complaisance to Mussolini has abated under pressure both from the Left in France and from some of the smaller Powers in Europe, to whom the collapse of the League is a far more alarming prospect than the antagonising of Italy. They have realised, too, that the rousing of the black world against the white is a danger that France with her colonial empire cannot ignore. And, in short, once Great Britain makes it clear that she is determined to uphold the Covenant, alike in Africa and in Europe, neither M. Laval nor any other French statesman will hesitate whether to range himself on our side or on Mussolini's.

But what does upholding the Covenant involve? Our

representatives will hardly go into the "conversations" under the illusion that moral or even ordinary prudential arguments will weigh with Mussolini. He does not regard war as an evil. He has no scruples about destroying Abyssinian independence. He does not care a fig for the principles of the League or for the Kellogg Pact, which he signed with tongue in cheek. He does not even admit that his African adventure jeopardises the peace of Europe. That being so, there are two alternative ways of dealing with him. The first is to buy him off with concessions which will save him the expense of fighting and present him with a bloodless victory.

This is the policy advocated by some who can see no farther than the end of their nose. Mr. J. L. Garvin puts it in its extremest and crudest form; we ought, he says, to bring "the utmost persuasion to bear at Addis Ababa and nowhere else in order to induce the Negus to make wide concessions." In plain English, we are to betray the Covenant, to abandon the Abyssinians and hand them over to Italy. Naturally we shall find justification for such a course in the Treaty of 1906; it is indeed on the basis of that Treaty that the Council enjoins us to negotiate. It is a fine basis—this twenty-year-old instrument which dates back to the heyday of imperialism in Africa, which in spirit and in letter is repugnant to Article X of the Covenant! Is nothing, then, to be conceded for the sake of peace? To that we should answer that if Italy can be satisfied with something which does not do a substantial wrong to Abyssinia, and which promises to lead to a peaceful and a permanent settlement, it might be welcomed on grounds of expediency, if not of justice. But it is not easy to envisage a compromise to which both Italy and Abyssinia would be freely consenting parties. The extorting of "wide concessions at Addis Ababa and nowhere else" is a very different matter. It is an infamous proposal, and it is not even a guarantee of peace. The odds are that Abyssinia would refuse to be an orange "to be squeezed till the pips squeak." She would prefer to fight. And if she did not—if she succumbed in despair before the alliance of the bully and the cowards—what would that signalise but the collapse of the League and the beginning of more and worse mischief in three continents?

Let France and Britain start, then, by bringing the "utmost persuasion" to bear, not on Addis Ababa, but on Rome. If they can induce Mussolini to be reasonable they will have achieved something like a miracle. But it should not take long to discern whether they are wasting their breath, and they ought not to spend precious time in futile discussion, but to proceed to the second alternative—which is to warn Italy, as she ought to have been warned many months ago, that the Covenant will be upheld against her aggression, that France and Britain are prepared (as other members of the League will be) to apply sanctions. Sanctions may include the severing of financial and economic relations, and, in the last resort, even some form of military action. What exact shape they should take is a matter for consideration in any particular case, and we do not expect the French and British Governments to broadcast an itemised list the day after to-morrow. Indeed it is not their business as individual Powers to decide what shall be done. But everybody—and not least Mussolini—can make a fairly shrewd guess. Mussolini is already finding it impossible to raise loans abroad: if the League chooses, this automatic sanction may be extended until all international facilities are denied to the aggressor. Italy's foreign trade may be cut off—a very serious matter, for, despite Fascist boasts, Italy is far from "self-sufficient." She would also be threatened with the closing of the Suez Canal to her transports, which would obviously put a heavy obstacle in the way of an East African campaign. It is preposterous to suggest, as some pedants do, that this is impossible because a treaty of 1886 requires the Canal to be left open to ships of all nations even in wartime. We have come to a pretty pass if one aggressor State can claim the right, by virtue of a pre-League treaty, to a free hand not merely against a particular victim, but against the world at large.

Which and how many of these sanctions should be applied, if all else fails, is largely an expert question and one which would depend on the situation when the Council meets in September. But Italy should be made clearly to understand during this month's private negotiations that the League Powers will not condone or participate in her aggression and will be prepared in the last resort to take the appropriate and effective steps to stop it. Those who oppose this view and want us to tear up our treaty obligations under the Covenant are not, as a rule, pacifists opposed to the use of force. They are often bellicose gentlemen who clamour for big armaments for "national defence," but refuse to see that the best form of national defence may be international, and that war is most likely to be avoided by collective action, or even the threat of collective action.

The supreme British interest is the maintenance of peace, and a peace that is got, if it can be got, by chicanery and the betrayal of Abyssinia and of the League will be a short-lived affair. Mussolini has bluffed us and frightened us into a pitiable state. A fortnight ago some people thought that the British Government had plucked up courage and sense to call the bluff. Last Saturday it looked as if they had gone back into their funk-hole. In the next week or two they must definitely make their choice between the League and Mussolini, between the principle of collective security and "the use of war as an instrument of policy."

THE IMPASSE IN MEMEL

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN MEMEL]

OF all the problems that plague Europe, that of Memel Land is perhaps the most perplexing. In this strip of territory, to the north of the lower Niemen, lives a racial mixture of Germans and Lithuanians which no racial slogans will ever disentangle. As so often happens in Eastern Europe, the Germans predominate in the town and the others in the country. Linguistically all available statistics show an almost equal division, whether one considers figures obtained in 1910 or in 1920. The Germans descend mainly from the colonists brought in from the west by the German Knights; the Lithuanian settlers came in from the East. Thus it cannot be announced that the soil is the moral or physical inheritance of one or the other except in so far as the German Knights were the first to exert an established political authority in Memel Land. The territory, of course, became part of East Prussia; the Lithuanians who lived here almost all turned Protestants. To the east, the so-called Great Lithuanians remained Roman Catholic; they united with Poland in 1569, and were subsequently compelled to become the

unwilling subjects of Russia. When the Romanovs collapsed, the Great Lithuanians were gradually able to establish themselves as a small independent Lithuanian republic around Kovno and Vilna.

The Allies detached the Territory of Memel from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, but the problem of how to dispose of it was frankly too much for them. They left it in the care of General Odry, M. Petisné and a few French soldiers, until such time as Providence might inspire them with some more permanently workable plan. Providence, however, proved unwilling to take a hand, so the Great Lithuanians, from whom in 1920 the Poles had seized Vilna, decided to learn by example; in January, 1923, they seized the Memel Territory. A *fait accompli* is such a helpful thing, and the Powers decided to allow the Republic of Lithuania to embrace the land round Memel—to embrace it, but not to absorb it. For on May 8th, 1924, the Lithuanians were compelled to agree with the four signatory Powers of Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, to the Memel Statute.

The Statute was an honest attempt to guarantee democratic autonomy to the 150,000 Memel-landers, inside a Lithuanian economic unit with the Niemen river as its backbone. In an Annex to the Statute the port of Memel, at the mouth of the river, became semi-internationalised; a Harbour Board, consisting of one Lithuanian, one Memel-lander, and a neutral nominee of the League of Nations, was established. The Memel Territory was to be ruled by a Directorate of not more than five members responsible to a democratically elected Chamber of twenty-nine. The German and Lithuanian languages were to be on a basis of perfect equality, and there was to be autonomy in education and the organisation of justice. Finally, six Memel-landers were to be elected to the Diet of Lithuania. The Lithuanian State was, however, recognised as sovereign over the Memel Territory, and, where not stated otherwise, it had a prior claim to the obedience of its subjects; Kovno, that is to say, could always say the last word.

There is a queerly abrupt transition, when one comes to the old Russian frontier, from the stone and brick houses of Memel Land to the wooden huts of Great Lithuania, and there are dialect differences in the Lithuanian spoken on this side and on that. Nevertheless, had the post-1924 Republic enjoyed that happy democratic progress of which men had dreamt, it is conceivable that the new Lithuania might in time have developed as great a social cohesion as Belgium or Switzerland. But in 1926 Waldemaras was expelled, and a Fascist dictatorship, backed by little but the army, was set up at Kovno. The Lithuanian Diet has never met since, and the Memel-landers have been wholly deprived of the participation for which the six deputies of the Statute were intended. Since 1926 Lithuania, including Memel, has been under martial law, the exercise of which was vaguely envisaged in the Statute for an emergency alone.

For the next seven years an uneasy state of friction between Kovno and Memel continued. But the feud between Lithuania and Poland over Vilna made Kovno anxious to stand well with Berlin, and Memel Land enjoyed an irregular but a not wholly unreal autonomy. It was obvious, however, that the Memel-landers were not developing into loyal Lithuanians, and it is intelligible that their disinclination to do so was feared by the Kovno dictatorship. The most controversial post created by the Statute was that of President of the Directorate, for the holder of this office was made responsible to the Memel Diet, but he was nominated by the Governor of Memel, himself the nominee of the Lithuanian President. In 1932 President Böttcher was removed by the Governor for dealing too directly with Berlin, and the Hague Court subsequently decided more or less in favour of Kovno.

With the establishment of a ruthless dictatorship in Germany a difficult became an intolerable situation. The whole impulse of Hitlerism claimed Memel for Germany; the Rosenberg wing denied their *raison d'être* to the small Baltic States, and Lithuania was filled with fear of the German *Drang nach Osten*. The Agreement between Poland and Germany in January, 1934, finally thrust Fascist Lithuania unwillingly into the Soviet camp. Meanwhile National Socialism appeared within the Memel Territory. It began as an attack upon the local German politicians, who belonged to two Conservative groups, and included several representatives of Freemasonry—always a favourite Nazi bugbear. In the Memel municipal election campaign of May, 1933, a Christian Socialist group headed by Pastor von Sass attacked the old political gang in the name of the new doctrine. Sass was a bit of a romantic; the working-people loved him for a really Christian quixotism, and he had a tremendous success on the town council. But he was far too genuinely socialistic to suit Berlin; and then he was so disreputable, such a drinker, people complained. The old politicians decided they must go Nazi too, or Sass would be the ruin of them. With the encouragement of the German Consulate, they formed a new party called the *Sozialistische Volksgemeinschaft*, and chose a certain harmless veterinary surgeon, Dr. Neumann, for their leader. Both the Sass and the Neumann parties professed to have nothing but social objects or aims in accordance with the Statute; but German leaders in Memel are embarrassed if one asks them why, in that case, it was necessary to start new movements at all. In fact, both groups were National Socialist and loyal only to Germany; Sass, by the way, never really consented to accept Neumann's leadership, and in Germany might well have vanished on June 30th, 1934.

Immediately before that memorable day the Lithuanian Government launched a new offensive. It deposed the German Directorate and introduced its own nominees; the same thing happened to the Mayor of Memel. The Nazi groups were proscribed, and in December the great treason trial was launched. That the Nazis were traitors to Lithuania was perfectly true; but that they were contemplating a serious revolt in 1934 was unproven and improbable, and the trial did Lithuania nothing but harm. Though the death sentences passed on the murderers of Jesuttis were commuted, the array of punishments allotted was excessively harsh. The effect has been to close the door to all possibilities of reconciliation, and many Lithuanian-speaking Memel-landers are now certainly opposed to the centralising aims of the Kovno Government. One of the worst mistakes Lithuania has made all along has been the Government's hostility to the German language, which all otherwise disinterested persons want their children to learn, on account of its vastly greater utility. Yet it should be remembered that for centuries Lithuania has lived by its language alone.

The atmosphere in Memel to-day is such that, even as a foreigner, one can hardly get either side to allow one any right to speak to the other. There are to be new elections for the Memel Chamber* on September 29th, and the Memel-landers are wondering how many anti-Kovno voters will be disqualified. Intimidation undoubtedly exists on both sides, for the German leaders, who are mostly East Prussians by birth, have ruling-class methods—and plenty of cash from Germany; the peasants in Memel Land are heavily indebted to Germans. And the "wait and see what happens to you when Memel is German again" threat is certainly used. Both the political leaders in Memel and the German Consulate are scrupulously careful to demand nothing openly except the restoration of the Statute; but simpler people will tell one frankly that Memel will soon be German now. As for the terrible "Russian" police methods of the Lithuanians, of which so much has been made by the Königsberg wireless, I was told the following story by a German Memel-land leader as a fearful example. It was apparently the worst case of Lithuanian cruelty he could recall. "A boy of 16 or 17 was arrested one morning on a flimsy charge of having arms in his possession." (I prepared myself painfully for the sort of thing the Gestapo can do when it wants information.) "He was kept for 24 hours without food or sleep in the hope

* In 1932, only 5 out of 29 seats were won by the centralists.

of extracting a confession." Cruel no doubt. But what an enormous relief that that was all! The Lithuanians commuted the death sentences on people who had worked against their State, but how many people have been executed in Germany for the very same crime? Even if the signatory Powers were less preoccupied elsewhere, their obligations would be extraordinarily difficult to interpret; at present they are almost paralysed, moreover, by the fact that diplomatic expediency inclines Italy and France against the German case, and Great Britain and Japan in its favour.

A LONDON DIARY

I SEE that Haarlem is now all agog to be at Mussolini, and events at Geneva and the further dispatch of Italian troops are bound to increase the ominous wrath among black people everywhere that I noted last week at the meeting of the Friends of Abyssinia. They have an overwhelming case, and I have received a letter from a highly respectable English gentleman, asking whether it is not time for English people to bring pressure on the British Government to stop this imperialistic bullying by forming a white contingent to fight or at least to do ambulance work in Abyssinia. The situation is indeed nicely calculated to rouse that old-fashioned liberty-loving spirit which John Bull has shown on occasion when other peoples' subjects are bullied and to couple it with the deep racial passion of the negro. Among many recent press remarks calculated to make the libertarian side see red I choose for quotation M. Henry de Monfried's suggestion in the current *Nineteenth Century* that it is our duty to help Italy to achieve its "humanitarian aim which would bring us all a share of the profits."

* * *

As usual when one risks a sobering remark to one's friends as well as a volley at one's opponents, the shots come back from both sides. This time I have succeeded in annoying the Friends of Abyssinia, whose able President, Mr. C. L. R. James, writes to me at length protesting against my account of the meeting. He points out that his Committee is under no illusions about Japan, whose diplomatic help it welcomes just as British democracy accepted the help of Tsarist despotism in 1914, and he piles up reasons in justification for what was, after all, my argument that blacks are fully justified in applying to their own cause the British classics of freedom from Milton to Wordsworth. He reminds me that the Emperor has not been alone among Abyssinians in trying to improve the lot of the negro, and adds the interesting fact that Dr. Martin, the present Ethiopian Minister in London—and a highly cultured and humane man—had recently tried on behalf of his Government to get a thousand negroes from Haarlem, professional men, to go to Abyssinia to help with the development of the country. He points out quite fairly that the meeting I reported began not with enthusiasm and quotations but with a long and sober review of the history of the relations of Abyssinia with European powers from 1887 onwards, and ends:

> There are some amongst our Society, including myself, who believe that the only final guarantee for Africa, as for the rest of the world, is the international Socialist order. There are others who believe that Ethiopia must be supported because God said so in the Bible. But whatever our views, we are in this struggle one, in that we stand by Ethiopia, and will do all that we can to help her. And most of us are fortified by the knowledge that in conflict with Italian Fascism we are with the stream of history and not against it. History will judge and the verdict will not be long delayed.

* * *

From the newspapers one would imagine that the new Viceroy was going out to an India which Lord Willingdon had "got well in hand." Earthquakes are mentioned in the press, but they are acts of God: riots are reported, but they are taken to be merely symptoms of religious fanaticism. A new Constitution is to be tried out and England has done its best. My own interpretation of the situation, based on recent conversation with well-known Indians (in particular with one very right-wing and wealthy Nationalist) is different. I think we are on the edge of a bigger storm, because the younger people are increasingly hopeless of winning freedom by Gandhi's methods. I wonder how far they are right. A very highly placed British civil servant remarked to me once that as long as passive resistance lasted the British Raj was really helpless. It had no weapons it could use against people who lay down in thousands in the streets, but it knew more about shooting than Indians and could deal with "terrorism" very efficiently. I was thinking over this when I heard from a trustworthy Englishman in Chittagong (which we have heard little of since the bomb outrage in January, 1934) that the Terrorist movement there is again in action. Outward signs of tranquillity are attributable, in his view, only to the fact that most of the old leaders are in prison (a few of the more violent are still at large); and secondly, to the ubiquity of the secret police, of whom there are said to be more than three times as many in Bengal as in any other Province. Recent plots have been discovered in time. But the terrorists have now begun to learn the identity of the Indian agents who are giving them away, and they have initiated a campaign on the Irish model. Within the last few months, my informant tells me, four of these agents have been murdered, cut up and nailed to their door posts *pour encourager les autres*. The question is whether the terrorists have a Michael Collins behind them. On the constructive side the British authorities are trying to counter this spirit by trying to keep the young Hindu busy in his spare time with organised games. My informant's comment is that the Government's efforts to bring up the small Bengali to be an Old Boy and Perfect Gentleman make him smile. My comment is that the sooner we are out of India the better.

* * *

Alexander Wicksteed, who, I regret to see, died in Moscow last week, was an eccentric and very likeable personality. He decided twelve years ago that Russia was his spiritual home. I remember hearing him describe on one of his visits to England how little poverty or living in a small room mattered in Moscow where everyone was poor and ill-housed and where one lived—at that time at least—largely on comradeship in a great enterprise and hope of a world of better values than capitalism could ever create. He loved Communism because he was an individualist. In a book he published describing life in Soviet Moscow, he explained that he felt really free for the first time in a place where you didn't have to wear a collar. In Moscow, in the "tourist season," he was generally to be found in one of the hotels explaining Russia to friends and acquaintances, old and new. He made a living by teaching English and Russian and by writing text-books for the Soviet schools, and I spent a most entertaining evening with him and three of his Russian collaborators, learned but lively intellectuals. His minute room, in a very unfashionable part of the town, was furnished with a bed and two chairs, on which we disposed ourselves as best we could and argued, over vodka and bad wine, till two o'clock in the morning, on everything in the U.S.S.R. and many things outside it. Wicksteed's knowledge of Russian life—or at least of the life of the man in the street in Moscow—was wide and deep, and he was rather amusingly proud of himself as a pundit. He became an institution like Lenin's tomb and the Park of Culture and Rest. No tourist could afford to miss him.

* * *

My friend P. left her handbag in an Underground train at Belsize Park. She realised her loss before the train was out of the station, and after some trouble finally captured it at Edgware. It contained £3, a few coppers and the usual oddments. She found to her surprise that she had to pay 8/1 to get the bag back. She was told that 2/- of this went to a fund for the upkeep of the Lost Property Office—where the bag had never been—and that the rest represented 10 per cent. of the value of the contents of the bag. She complained that this was a large percentage, and wanted to know what happened

to the money. She was sent on to Headquarters at Broadway House, which referred her to the Lost Property Office at Baker Street. There she was told that 10 per cent. was the regulation charge and that the money went to a fund (set up under the London Passenger Transport Act of 1933) which was supposed to be used for the benefit of the employees. Although this fund has been accumulating for two years it was admitted that not a penny of it had yet been spent. A Committee consisting of eight departmental heads and four representatives of the workmen's unions was appointed to make recommendations about the use of the fund to the Transport Board, which, of course, has the final decision. Subsequent conversations with porters and Underground officials show that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction with this situation. Some porters believe that the Board simply pockets the money. They no longer get tips when they find and return lost property, because passengers, who smart under a 10 per cent. levy, feel that they have paid enough. This situation is not likely to encourage honesty, and it produces the maximum of irritation.

* * *

The heathen cult seems to make strides in Germany. It looks odd in the advertising columns to read that "am 16 Wonnemonds", one of the new heathen months, was born "die heidin Swanewit" at Dresden. Another reads: "Exchange of thoughts with an heroic heathen northern maiden of the peasant type is desired by a like-minded German man."

* * *

I am pleased to see that the *News Chronicle* has the pluck to run Soglow's "Little King" as a daily "strip." It explained of course that no reference was intended to any living person —the King is a purely Ruritanian figure. A member of the *News Chronicle* staff tells me that he happened the other day to sit in a tram opposite three men each reading the *News Chronicle*. They all turned almost at once to Soglow. The first jumped to it quickly and chuckled unrestrainedly, the second puzzled over it for a long time and finally passed on, the third took the rare and astonishing course of tearing Soglow out of the paper and throwing it on the floor!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to C.M.L.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

It is uncertain how long Mr. Baldwin will be away, but in view of the arduous work he has had to do in recent months, his Ministerial colleagues hope that he will somehow manage to have a period of unbroken rest. While at Aix he will be in close touch with Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, and also with Mr. MacDonald.—*Times.*

To the strains of "I get no kick from champagne, but I get a kick out of you," Mr. and Mrs. Roy led the dancing. So their married life began.—*Evening Standard.*

At a signal from the King's yacht, lights sprung up and illuminated the entire Fleet. An Italian, who had been naturalised, thanked God that he was an Englishman. No other nation in the world could have done it, he said. We all agreed with him.—*Daily Sketch.*

The first day of each month I renew lumps of sugar placed above the lintel of each door of rooms most used. They bring sweet-tempered people to the home and our feathered friends profit at each renewal.—Letter in *Sunday Graphic.*

One of the reasons on which the little girl based her belief that this was the finest country was—according to another passage in her essay—that in other countries men generally kissed one another, whereas in this country they merely shook hands. That was a reason which would commend itself to every member of the House.—*Press report of House of Commons debate.*

WHY NOT PREVENT DISEASE?

PRESIDING over a Tuberculosis Conference a few decades ago, King Edward, having listened to several speeches by recognised "experts," the gist of which was that consumption is a preventible disease, made the very sensible comment: "If preventible, why not prevent it?"

Why don't doctors prevent disease, or tell people how to prevent it? It is often suggested that reluctance to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs is the deterring motive. The average doctor has, of course, just about the same proportion of self-preservativeness in his make-up as has the average draper, bricklayer or lawyer. But it is not financial prudence that hinders him from preventing disease. I doubt if there is any other trade or profession, the members of which have—no matter from what motives—done so much to undermine their own financial future as have the doctors. What, then, is the answer to the question? In the first place, neither the doctor nor anyone else knows how most of the recognised forms of disease can be prevented. Indeed, considering the mental and bodily inequalities of our inheritance, it is to be presumed that biologic and hygienic perfection is, for mankind, an unattainable ideal. "Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabrick hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once."

Instead of asking why doctors do not prevent disease, a much more sensible question to put is this: Why do we not more energetically apply the hygienic knowledge already at our disposal? For we do know a good deal about the causes of many forms of illness—even though fresh forms are always cropping up to take the place of those we seem to have outmanœuvred. The sanitary and economic developments of the last half-century have yielded convincing results—at any rate in terms of average longevity; and there is good reason to believe that we could very greatly increase those results if we would properly house our people and more equally distribute our material resources. As Raymond Pearl has said, "there has been a sad lagging behind the advance of science on the part of what may be termed the non-scientific world, that is the ethical, the spiritual and the political. There has been no preparing of the ground for the coming of the gifts of science," and the result is what we see on all sides.

But do not let us imagine that good housing, the abolition of poverty, and perfect drainage and water supply will abolish disease. The causes of disease are many and various; indeed, the causes of any one disease are many and various. There is, however, often one determining factor in each case. Take the infectious group. We know, for instance, that, in the absence of the tubercle bacillus, the multiform disease which we call tuberculosis cannot appear, however suitable may be the bodily soil that awaits the specific seed. So with diphtheria; so, also, with all the disorders associated with particular germs. Until lately, organised preventive medicine has been almost entirely occupied with finding out ways whereby man may be saved from wholesale impact with pathogenic bacteria. Drainage, pure water supply, the removal of dust and rubbish, the inspection of food, the isolation of infected persons—all these and like measures aim at limiting the contact of man with potentially hostile germs. There is still preventive work to be done along these lines; but the most optimistic sanitarian recognises that, even if pushed to its ultimate limit, it cannot hope to achieve very much more than has already been done.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we vary in our susceptibility to infection. Not all who are exposed to the same risk suffer the same consequences. In other words, some of us are relatively immune to the particular disease. Then, again, we know that individuals who have recovered from one of several disorders can with impunity, for a certain period of time—sometime for life—be exposed to what would

ordinarily be almost a certainty of infection. The significance of these facts is obvious. It is clear that there are, within the body, substances or potencies which in some persons are sufficiently abundant to counter the attack of this or that pathogenic germ. It is clear, also, that when a germ invasion, though temporarily successful, has yet ultimately been overcome, the individual's defensive potency has, as a consequence, been materially increased. These observations and inferences have been and are the subject of elaborate study; and there has, for many decades, been a persistent eagerness among those engaged in medical research to discover the true nature of the body's defensive forces; and to find out ways of imitating and increasing them.

Last year the British Medical Association set up a committee "to consider the desirability of preparing a practical scheme for informing the public generally regarding the protection afforded by various methods now available of immunisation against diseases." The report just issued summarises and criticises at considerable length all the available evidence as to the means and as to the effectiveness of immunisation against a number of infectious fevers. Apart from a sensible and broad-minded section devoted to a reconsideration of vaccination against smallpox, the diseases dealt with are diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and enteric fever. Few impartial persons will question the value of anti-typhoid inoculation during the war; but this disease is, with our present sanitary precautions, so comparatively rare in ordinary times that anything like wholesale immunisation is obviously not called for. Reliable tests are now available whereby those susceptible to scarlet fever and to diphtheria can be differentiated from those not susceptible. Moreover, it is practicable, by inoculation, to turn the great majority of susceptibles into insusceptibles in a very short time. In the case of scarlet fever the protection thus afforded disappears usually within a year. In diphtheria, protection for at least five years is nearly always secured. Scarlet fever, though still very common, has, independently of treatment, lost its former virulence. In the light of these facts the committee, whilst strongly approving the continued practice of active immunisation among the staffs of fever hospitals and certain other institutions, do not advise mass immunisation against so relatively non-fatal a disease, the period of protection being, in any case, so short. It is in the case of diphtheria that the arguments for wholesale protective immunisation seem overwhelming. Diphtheria remains a very fatal disease. Upwards of three thousand deaths from this cause occur in England and Wales every year. The committee considers that "active immunisation against diphtheria may be confidently advocated as a safe and efficient method of prevention. . . . On the average, 95 per cent. of immunised persons are still Schick-negative three to five years after immunisation." Attention is drawn to the indisputable fact that in groups of individuals specially exposed to infection, such as the staffs of fever hospitals, immunisation against enteric fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever has reduced the former heavy incidence of these diseases to negligible dimensions.

In this country, to-day, a large proportion of illness belongs rather to what is called the metabolic group of disorders than to the group in which living germs play the leading and essential part. Bacteria often help in producing the clinical picture associated with these diseases, but they are secondary or supplementary. Diabetes, nephritis, probably cancer, most of the disturbances which we call rheumatism, and an enormous preponderance of what are complacently called minor ailments, belong to this group. In so far as some of these disorders can be prevented, the chief preventive measure is often said to consist in living hygienically; but who can tell us what living hygienically implies? Most of the laws pontifically laid down by medical pundits and village gammers are fairy tales, thinly streaked with reality. Read and compare the explanations offered by centenarians to account for their vigour and longevity. One attributes his haleness to the fact that he has never had a pipe out of his mouth in the daytime for forty years; another to the fact that he has never smoked or drunk; one to his regular breakfast steak, another to his lifelong vegetarianism; one to his persistent hard work, another to his peaceful life of leisure. The truth is that we are not born hygienically free and equal, and that none of us is physiologically or structurally "perfect."

The metabolic disorders ("diseases of civilisation," they have been called) arise from faulty functioning of some bodily organ or tissue; or from incomplete harmony between the multitudinous activities which go on in every part of our bodies from birth to death. So far as many of these diseases are concerned, we shall for a very long time continue to be dependent for guidance, both as to prevention and as to relief, on crude empiricism. Only when we know more about the conditions of "neuro-endocrine-circulatory equilibrium," to quote Dr. Obermer, will it be possible to devise a helpful preventive programme. In all probability that programme will necessitate a revolutionary change in our economic and industrial life, and in many of our established social conventions.

HARRY ROBERTS

BETTER FOR WORK

GLANCING through the morning papers, the date being the 7th of August, 1935, I paused when I came to a feature contributed by an astrologer. As it was not my birthday, I was only mildly interested in the announcement that people born on the 7th of August "have a natural charm of manner which it will be necessary to exert this year, for it will be a period of mixed fortune." Even the news that children born on that date in the present year may be led by their extravagance into financial difficulties awoke in me no more than a tepid sympathy with the little victims of the stars. But when I reached the last paragraph, with the heading, "To-day For All Readers," self-love sharpened my curiosity, and it was in a far from lukewarm spirit that I continued my investigation of the secrets of the heavens. The result was, on the whole, disappointing. "A day of mixed influences" is a phrase that tells us little. If I had had money in the bank, I might have been interested in learning that the day was "good for speculation, especially an investment in land or house property." (The stars always seem to take it for granted that one has money.) Equally useless to me was the information that the day was favourable for the opening of new enterprises and starting on a journey, for I was not going to do either. The last sentence of the paragraph, however, I found of astonishing interest. It declared that the day — a day in the midst of a heat-wave and at the height of the holiday season—was "better for work than recreation."

Till I read the sentence, I had been lying in bed wondering how I should manage to get through the day's work. I compared my lot with that of my friends, who are just now scattered over the world in search of recreation, and I found in the contrast between their condition and mine cause only for envy and bitterness. I am no hater of work at the right time of the year, but it is against nature in August. I am sure that it was on an August day that Adam wilted as the curse fell on him. Lying in bed, I certainly looked at the prospect of work with loathing, and wished that I had not taken my holiday so early. It was not till I read the astrologer's statement that I conceived there could be another side to the question. Until then, I had thought of holiday-makers as a crowd of happy, healthy people, rising from delightful seaside breakfasts to go forth into sunshine tempered by a wind coming inland from blue waters. They were idle, I told myself, and yet had plenty to do. They were as warm as is necessary to perfect human enjoyment, and at the same time were as cool as is necessary to perfect human enjoyment. How happy the mortal who, having read in his newspaper the tale of the world's madhouse miseries, can go out and devote the day sanely and obliviously to golf! How exquisite is the freshness of salt water on the body to the bather! What

a conspiracy of beauty a summer's day is—blue sky, golden sun, fragrant sea, gentle gale, and idleness! It was impossible not to believe that those who were engaged in wasting their time amid such Golden-Age loveliness were more blessed than I. "Better for work than for recreation." The stars may think so, but human beings, having more experience of such matters, are of another opinion.

And yet, lying in bed and turning the saying over and over in my mind, I began to wonder whether after all there might not be some truth in it. Recreation is a very pleasant thing to think about when one is working, but recreation in the world of reality—what a caricature it can be of recreation in a daydream! I tried to imagine what I should have been doing on Wednesday if I could have devoted the day to recreation instead of work. I realised that, in the first place, instead of breakfasting comfortably in bed, I should have been sitting in a hotel dining-room, eating a much larger breakfast than I wished to eat. On this point, surely, the life of the worker is to be preferred to the life of the recreationist. In the second place, if I were on holiday I should feel it compulsory to go out, however blazing the sun, however airless the day. It is not that the chairs in hotels are not luxurious, but one cannot feel at home in them. There are too many strangers about, and one is restless till one escapes. Besides, any man with even a semi-animate sense of duty feels, when he is having a holiday, that it is his duty to be out and enjoying himself. This is tolerable enough in the early hours of the morning before the furnace of the sun is at full blast, but, as the day moves towards noon, what a pestilential place a seaside front can be! The heat rises from the pavement like heat from a stove. There is not a breath of freshness in the air such as comes in through one's bedroom window at home. There is no shade anywhere and far too many people. When the bars are opened they are mobbed by such a crowd that one is faint by the time one has got a lukewarm glass of beer. Outside people in deck-chairs are sleeping, with their heads shielded from the sun by newspapers—dreaming of home and trying to forget that they are enjoying a holiday. Men in bathing slips are paddling canoes on the water with a perverted desire to exchange the likeness of a human being for the colouring of a grilled steak. A band plays foxtrot music and sounds trebly loud and eardrum-splitting on account of the breathless heat. If it were not for the children—tens of thousands of them—jumping up and down at the water's edge, running up the shore from the advancing wave, running after the retreating wave, splashing each other, bobbing into the water, noisier than bedtime starlings, rapturous as puppies with the joy of activity, one would begin to doubt whether the pleasures of recreation had not been overpraised.

It may be argued, on the other hand, that it is by no means difficult to find an alternative—and a vastly superior alternative—to idling on a popular seaside front. The pedestrian, for example, can go tramping among the hills. So far as I am concerned, he is welcome to the hills on a day like this. Is climbing a hill in a heat-wave the height of human happiness? Sweat-soaked, the climber throws himself full length on the grass on the top of the chalk down, and, there being nothing to see because of the haze, seeks happiness in swinish slumber. Towards evening he returns to the valley in all the spiritual pride of a man who has done his day's good deed. After dinner he sits down in bland self-satisfaction, when suddenly, with a changed expression, he begins furiously to scratch his ankles. The harvesters have been at him—millions of them. When he undresses for bed he looks at his lacerated limbs in dismay. All night he tosses about restlessly, turning on the light every hour or so to dab ammonia on the wounds the invisible insects have made, and mitigate his agony. Recreation? I prefer work.

Take the golfer, again. The golfer is by nature insane, and will play golf even in a heat-wave. But who in his sane moments would envy him? A golf-course is, as a rule, a waterless waste without shade or shelter; and the golfer, having set out on it, is cut off from the blessings of civilised life till he has returned to the pavilion. The sun beats upon him, and he has no pith helmet to protect himself from its malevolence. He can hear his heart thud-thudding as he laboriously climbs the steep steps leading to the high tee from which it is one of the joys of his life to make a master-drive in normal English weather. To-day he would be glad to miss the ball altogether in exchange for a glass of lemonade. His opponent drives into the gully and insists on looking for the ball till both their heads are aching. Even walking in a level place is infinitely tiring. It is two limp and depressed figures that are to be seen approaching the eighteenth hole and afterwards sinking into chairs in the pavilion, where they order gin-and-ginger, and one, lying, says to the other: "I enjoyed that game."

There is only one form of recreation, indeed, that seems to me to be tolerable in a heat-wave. It is to go and dawdle in a valley beside a swift stream, with high trees growing thickly on both banks, and hope for the sight of a rare bird. A dipper will do, for a dipper is rare to me. Or a crossbill. Or even a woodwren. Or, indeed, any bird at all. Here the sound of running water, the coolness of the shadows, the expectation of the movement of living creatures, and tobacco, conduce to perfect happiness. "The flies," you may object, "will pester." Well, if you cannot endure flies in August you had better commit suicide.

As for all other forms of recreation, however—golfing, sunbathing, motoring, tramping, or rowing—I am glad to be engaged in none of them to-day. The astrologer is right. The stars do not lie. To-day is a perfectly foul day for work, but, sheltered from the sun in my study, I console myself with the thought that at least it is better for work than for recreation.

Y. Y.

THE SMALLER AND THE LARGER SCIENCE

[In this article Mr. Grant Watson defends himself against the criticisms of Mr. H. Collier, which we published last week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

IN writing the articles which have appeared in earlier numbers of this paper I have intentionally selected examples of animal and plant life-histories which defy explanation on mechanistic lines. The implication has been that organic forms are determined by final causes towards which they develop, and that this assumption is more satisfactory and more in accordance with facts than that which supposes a selection of chance variations, and the consequent survival of those organisms which are best fitted by those fortuitously selected variations. This position was clearly and most precisely stated by Aristotle, and in view of the importance of the present crisis in biological theories of development it is worth quoting certain of his phrases:—

> . . . when we are dealing with definite and ordered products of Nature, we must not say that each *is* of a certain quality because it becomes so, but rather that they *become* so and so because they *are* so and so, for the process of Becoming or development attends upon Being and is for the sake of being, not *vice versa*.
>
> The ancient Nature-philosophers, however, took the opposite view. The reason for this is that they did not see that the causes were numerous, but only the material and efficient and did not distinguish even these, while they made no enquiry at all into the formal and final causes.
>
> Everything then exists for a final cause, and all those things which are included in the definition of each animal, or which are means to an end or are ends in themselves, come into being through this cause and the rest.

He then goes on to explain what he means by "the rest," namely, the environmental influences which bring about secondary modifications. From the above quotation it seems probable that the ancient Nature-philosophers must have held opinions very similar to the materialists of the nineteenth century and those present-day biologists who survive them.

Mr. Collier asserts that the questions I raise in my articles

are not " scientific comment, and not the best starting-point for further biological inquiry." Now it is clear that Mr. Collier and myself are not agreed on the use of the word " scientific," and I will return to this all-important point later, but first deal with the details of his criticism. On two points he takes me up. First on the story of the sand-hopper, which appearing in the place that it did in my article, was put forward as a single fact, personally observed, which was in accordance with a large amount of material collected by other observers. It was never intended to have more value than any other isolated observation. Secondly, on the case of the sloth. Mr. Collier propounds the usual gene mutation theory, and believes that it is probable that the shaggy nature of the hair, the slow-moving habit, the arboreal habit, and the peculiar hair-structure, allowing for the growth of an alga within the hair, may all be satisfactorily accounted for by gene mutations, and that these characters may be selected from chance variations, and by chance appearing all together and in the right combinations may so produce a form which is fitted to survive in the struggle for existence. This is a solution which is theoretically conceivable, but neither myself nor Mr. Collier have worked out the coefficient of probability, which I submit must be exceedingly small. I would ask the reader to consider this case together with the other cases brought forward in my articles, and determine for himself which explanation is the least far-fetched, and to judge between my scepticism, as repeatedly expressed in my articles, and Mr. Collier's credulity. At this same place in his argument, Mr. Collier states that " The theory of evolution as explained by the unfolding of ideas is of no use in the experimental advancement of learning."

This brings us back to larger issues, and against this sweeping assertion, I will set Professor Whitehead's statement: " No biological science has been able to express itself apart from phraseology which is meaningless unless it refers to ideals proper to the organism in question " (Process and Reality, page 116). Here at least is one contradictory opinion worthy of respect, and there is an increasing number of modern scientists who find the mechanistic explanation of life and mind to be an hypothesis which does not account for the facts. Moreover, the mechanistic hypothesis attempts to describe the world as containing existence without valuation, thereby setting up an abstract view of reality as ultimate truth. It takes the world as an independently objectively existing system, and ignores the part played by the perceiving mind. Many biologists and most philosophers have already abandoned this naive realism, and have recognised that what we rather loosely describe as " the world known to science " is no simple self-existing cosmos, independent of us who perceive it, nor yet a mere subjective creation of our minds, but is an unstable projection of the average psychic life.

If Mr. Collier feels his scientific conscience to be outraged by this statement, I would ask him to pause and read, or re-read Kohler's " Gestalt Psychology." This is a work which no modern scientist can afford to ignore, and should be read even by Behaviourists. Kohler has stated that the reactions of the organism do not proceed arbitrarily, but are co-ordinated both in the healthy and diseased organism according to the requirements of the whole. Here from an entirely new approach we are drawing near to Aristotle's final causes. And further he says: The problem of development is not to be dealt with along purely mechanistic lines, by assuming that all the various processes occur in accordance with forces, independent of one another, for these would not lead to an ordered and pre-ordained result. The question why the reactions are always suited to the life of the whole organism cannot be set aside as " philosophical " since this is a question of objective fact, and the most striking in the whole sphere of vital phenomena.

I have said enough I hope to suggest that an important portion of modern biological thought is emerging from the restricted materialistic theories of the nineteenth century. It remains, as it has always been, easy to prove, as the latter part of Mr. Collier's article is so anxious to do, that mechanism exists in life, and that organs can function by virtue of their mechanism, for short periods apart from the organism of which they are parts. These experiments do not determine the nature of life as a whole, only the nature of mechanism. Life is a spiritual reality, constituted by the unity in duality of the perceiving spirit and the spiritual world which it perceives. Mr. Collier and many other readers will, I expect, say that this has nothing to do with science, as they understand the word. I would point out that it is only comparatively recently that science has been restricted, in the narrowest and most particular sense of the word, to what is experimentally verifiable. Science once embraced the whole study of natural phenomena, and was not unconscious of the part played in perception by the perceiving mind. In the smaller, modern, meaning of the word, there can be strictly speaking no science of the mind, but only science of matter. The over-emphasis laid by certain biologists on the reality to the object has led them, all too easily, to believe that life is a collection of physico-chemical processes. The problem is not so simple, as the present crisis in biological thought demonstrates.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

THE LEAGUE OF PATIENCE

A FABLE

(" *If men were all virtuous, returned the artist, I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea.*"—JOHNSON, *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.*)

ONCE, in a fit of transient contrition,
Less spiritual than dyspeptic,
(They had fought and gorged too long *sans* intermission,
Till none could doubt how sorry their condition,
Not even the most sceptic)
The beasts agreed: " We will change our old life's plan,
Turn over a new leaf,
And live on *that*—in brief,
Be vegetarian.
Rejoice, rejoice! Repealed the ancient law
' Eat or be eaten '! Ended evermore
The reign of tooth and claw! "

But now one day before their new Assembly
A black-haired coney came
To make complaint. He made it very humbly,
Velvet his touch, his very whiskers tame:
" My friends, a she-wolf haunts me,
Dogs all my days,
Shadows my ways,
Snuffs round my hole in fashion that quite daunts me.
Comrades, recall your pact
To succour all attacked.
Recall my ancient race; even Scripture knows it—
' A feeble folk . . .' "

The Assembly listened drowsing. Scarcely woke
Faint murmurs—" What, aggression? How suppose it? "
" The wolf?—she has as old a pedigree! "
" An upset, if it's true." " Far better glose it."
" Why, then let's hear the wolf's apology."

Glaring and with ill grace rose the defendant,
And growled her greeting:
" I am an ancient beast and independent,
And not accountable to any meeting.
A body grows at times too full of beans;
A taste for change of diet supervenes;
One cannot always dine on one's own whelps,
(Although that helps).
But if you must be told,
I have been flouted, outraged and assaulted— "
(Here she halted,

From sheer emotion.)
" —By this most bold,
Bloody, unprincipled, and rabid rabbit—
You have no notion!
Black his complexion, and his ways as shady;
It is his habit,
Each time we meet,
To turn his back—fine treatment for a lady!

Then, to complete
His insult, not far off I see him stopping
And with great odious hairy ears
Eavesdropping!
Much *I* care what he hears!
Patly he talks,
But, know, he undermines my private walks!
Just think—the degradation
Of a nation
That inhabits
Holes! Yet such are rabbits!—
And the creatures eat raw grass!
But let that pass—
No tongue polite
Can tell the truth about this troglodyte.
Since he's so barbarous, my sacred mission
Is to civilise this Hector;
And since, he says, so helpless his condition,
Mine to be his protector.
My bowels are boundless in compassion;
And, as he's fond of tunnels, here is one!"
The she-wolf gaped. The whole Assembly shifted
In their seats to see
A speaker so incomparably gifted
Dentally.
They did not answer "Yes"—they had a feeling
Some call "shame."
They did not answer "No"—far too revealing
That peroration was, for any blame.

So they adjourned—to admire the view;
(The device is old, yet always new);
It proved a happy thought.
For soon the news was brought
The rabbit now had ceased to raise objection
And was, in fact, past all need of protection.

Some few found it outrageous,
But the example proved contagious—
It was decided by the rest,
That to be a vegetarian
Was too humanitarian
And the good old way was best,
Of dining *tête à tête*,
As in days of ancient date,
With no question any longer
He shall carve who is the stronger,
And the host's place be the plate.

F. L. LUCAS

Correspondence

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

SIR,—The recent Home Office Circular on Air Raid Precautions has aroused wide-spread indignation, on two grounds: (1) that the precautions suggested are, in the main, only available for the well-to-do; (2) that the precautions which are possible are known to be far less effective than the circular would lead people to believe. Lord Marley in the House of Lords argued these two points in a speech to which the Government were totally unable to find any adequate reply. The proposed gas-drill should be resisted, first, because it is calculated to give an entirely fallacious sense of security, and, secondly, because resistance will make the Government far less willing to go to war.

In these circumstances, it is profoundly regrettable that the Labour Party has been officially advised to co-operate with the Home Office by the National Executive Committee, in a document of which the decisive words are: "the risks must be faced and provision made for coping with the direst possibilities." By such advice, the sound impulses of members of the Labour Party throughout the country are discouraged. The Home Office circular does *not* make "provision for coping with the direst possibilities" of war. At the present stage in the development of the art of war, there is only one way of coping with them, and that is to keep out of war. In all the densely populated countries of Western Europe, it seems almost certain that, within a few days of the outbreak of war, panic will seize the surviving inhabitants of the capitals and the industrial areas, leading to anarchy, starvation, and paralysis of all warlike effort. The only sensible course, therefore, is to prevent war if possible, and to remain neutral if war occurs. The neutrals will be the only victors, and the only Powers whose policy will have a chance of prevailing. It is the duty of all who care for their country or for civilisation to point out that we cannot further any of our ideals by participation in the next war, and that we ought therefore to resist all measures based upon the assumption that we shall take part in it.

In the late war it was arguable that victory, being possible, *might* do some good. With the modern technique of gas attack, no *belligerent* can hope for victory. Absolute pacifism, therefore, in every country, in which it is politically possible, is the only sane policy both for Governments and individuals.

Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield. BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR,—There can be no question about the motives of the National Executive of the Labour Party in recommending Labour councillors to support the National Government's "Air Raid Precautions." Such a distinguished body of men are under few illusions. They are well aware that these plans provide not the slightest defence against any incendiary or bacterial bombardment. They know full well that the only gas which the suggested respirator can repel is obsolete chlorine, that more loans are going to Germany to build that air force which we are told to fear and that the whole conception of "passive defence" is nothing more than a regimentation of the working-class away from revolutionary war resistance.

The National Executive has its eye on the November election. It will be difficult to explain to constituents why their would-be rulers refuse to accept any measures, however paltry, for their defence. The decision is obviously a tactical decision; as such I submit that it is fundamentally wrong.

When a party of the Left accepts the principles of the opposition in an attempt to beat it at its own game, it always fails. Salisbury defeated Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists because a true imperialist is obviously preferable to one that is spurious.

Even though you think you are wrong, it is better tactics to stick to your own procession. If you march at the end of your rival's you will make the worst of both worlds. In 1714 it would have paid the moderate Tories to go Jacobite, instead of hoping for crumbs from the Hanoverians.

But when you know you are right, when there is something of an uproar in the rank and file of the party, and when the dishonesty of the policy to be imitated is so painfully transparent, then surely the difficulties of explanation pale before the prospect of contempt, and statesmanship and truth for once go hand in hand.

Peterhouse, Cambridge. C. FLETCHER COOKE

NORTHERN IRELAND

SIR,—Your anonymous correspondent, signing himself "North of Ireland," suggests that my Council might carry out investigations in the Irish Free State.

Your readers are probably aware that some few months ago at the Council's invitation an independent Commission of Inquiry was set up under the Chairmanship of Mr. Aylmer Digby, K.C., to inquire into the working of the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Acts (Northern Ireland) 1922 and 1933.

It must be understood, however, that in limiting its investigations to the effects of the emergency legislation of the Northern Ireland Government (that is, to the effects of incorporating a purely temporary enactment into the permanent law of the Province) the Council is acting in accordance with a rule adhered to in previous cases. By that rule, the Council is precluded from intervening in the internal affairs of a self-governing Dominion, and it is for

this reason that the terms of reference have had to be strictly limited to the affairs of the Northern Province.

The Commission has held its sessions in Belfast, but as it is still continuing its investigations I must refrain from entering into a discussion as to whether civil liberty does or does not exist in Ulster.

Mr. F. D. Squire in his letter in your columns makes the bald assertion that "it is sufficient to point out that it does exist in so far as the State itself is not endangered and force is not used." He adduces no kind of proof in support of his assertion, and I can only say that a great deal of valuable evidence on this point has been laid before the Commission. RONALD KIDD

Secretary

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2.

THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT

SIR,—It is entirely untrue to suggest that the Queen of Holland "explicitly refused" to the Catholic leader "a mandate for a Coalition Government of Catholics and Socialists." The mandate was for "a Parliamentary Government on as broad a basis as possible." This, it is true, compelled the *formateur* to try to bring the inclusion of other parties, but when they refused and the broadest possible basis appeared to be a Catholic-Socialist coalition, the Queen's mandate did not forbid the formation of such a Government, which would have commanded the support of just half of the members of the Second Chamber. The fact is that Professor Aalberse, on being offered a coalition by the Socialist leader, refused, not because of any objection on the Queen's part, but because his own Catholic party would not hear of the idea. It is well known that it includes a Conservative section to whom coalition with the Socialists is in any case utterly repugnant, but even among the rest advocates of a Catholic-Socialist combination are few and far between. P. GEYL

49 Belsize Square, N.W.3.

THE BUSMEN'S HOLIDAY

SIR,—The busmen at Slough struck, not because under the new schedules they would have to do more journeys per working day for the same pay, but because the schedules could not be carried out, since there is a physical as well as a legal limit to the speed at which buses can be driven along the roads. Other garages joined in and won their case for them because of the growing feeling among the men that they are not getting a fair deal from their leaders, who have allowed the "well devised scheme of negotiation," of which you write, in every case to favour the L.P.T.B. just because it is a public utility company. There will be more unofficial strikes unless the men are better represented.

For they have real grievances, and one at least, the bitterest of all, I as a panel doctor share with them. It is in the matter of hours on duty. One day a man may be on from 7 a.m. till 2, the next from 7.30 till 4, the next from 3 till midnight, and so on; while for the conductor who, unlike the driver, is not protected by law, there is no limit to the number of hours that he may be on duty at a stretch. The "spread over" may still further disorganise the day and make every effort to provide good, freshly prepared meals at fixed times impossible for the harassed housewife. The result I see in my surgery. At one time or another I must have been consulted by every busman on my panel for digestive trouble. Several have chronic indigestion and two at least to my knowledge have ulcers due entirely to their enforced habits of eating.

Now not even the most astute Trade Union leaders can persuade the men that it is impossible to bring into the country services the organisation of working hours that has been conceded to the London district where the men have fixed hours every day for a week on end. After all, as one man said to me this evening, "We are always being told that the Board is a great organisation; and it's the job of an organisation to organise, not to ruin the health of its workers. And it's the job of a Trade Union to get work properly organised." That seems to me common sense. PANEL DOCTOR

Surrey.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SOUTH WALES?

SIR,—I read with great interest the article on "South Wales" by your brilliant and humorous "General Practitioner," but I do not know if I am to take him seriously, or to regard his clever article as a big joke.

He is not quite sound in his geography and history. For instance he assumes that Newport is in Wales, whereas most people know that it is in England. Thus, his argument that the sad condition of Newport with its "mud and ruin" is due to the Welsh religious revival is worthless. He should have got the train to go on to Cardiff before starting his bombardment.

He states that Wales was a very happy country when "Sunday was a day of merriment," when dancing and card-playing were enjoyed within the precincts of the church after morning service, and when "the clergyman sometimes was landlord of the adjoining ale-house." Does he seriously mean that he would like to see Wales live that kind of life once more?

The pith of his logic seems to be that the sad state of South Wales to-day is due to certain religious revivals, which taught the people that they were children of God and equal in His sight.

Has he forgotten that more revivals took place in England than in Wales?

What about John Wesley? He never preached in Welsh. He was an Englishman. Then again Moody and Sankey swept the English off their feet, not to mention Torrey and Alexander.

"A General Practitioner" must try and find another theory for the sad state of South Wales to-day. The reason for its poverty is not its religion. Its religion has been its bulwark against revolution and crime, and Wales to-day will compare favourably with England in any department of life. J. ALLEN JONES,

Vicar of Llanyblodwel, Oswestry.

"THE L.C.C. GETS A MOVE ON" AND "IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT"

SIR,—The fact that these two paragraphs follow each other in your editorial notes of August 3rd drives me to the conclusion that you are blissfully unaware of the substance and basis of the protest of the Leader of the Opposition on the L.C.C. against the overloaded Agenda paper of some ninety-eight folio pages at the last meeting of the Council on July 30th.

You would not, I fear, give me adequate space to indicate the subjects debated in the session of 11 hours, but may I be allowed to refer to two points dealt with in the paragraphs quoted?

The Agenda contained, *inter alia*, the report of the General Purposes Committee of the Council on the Report of the Departmental Committee on Imprisonment by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction in Default of Payment of Fines and other sums of money. This Report concluded with these observations: "We have considered the views of the Finance, Housing and Public Health and Public Assistance Committees on the proposals of the Departmental Committee. As, however, a Bill entitled the Money Payments (Justices Procedure) Bill, dealing with certain of the recommendations of the Departmental Committee, has been introduced by H.M. Government into the House of Lords, we do not consider that any useful purpose would be served by an expression of opinion on the part of the Council as to the merits of the recommendations."

The views of these Committees, which were unanimous and under discussion since February last, were to support the recommendations of the Departmental Committee for securing the discharge of a man's obligations under wife-maintenance and affiliation orders and the recommendation of the Committee for making compulsory a weekly collection of rates on dwellings let at weekly rents, but were of opinion that the practice of compounding, i.e. allowances to owners for payment of rates instead of occupiers whether hereditaments are occupied or not, should be abolished in the administrative county of London.

The Departmental Committee recommended that Courts should have power to order attachment of wages in connection with default in wife maintenance and affiliation cases. They considered this would provide "a valuable addition to powers where a man, despite warning, makes no reasonable effort to meet obligations." The Bill does not include this recommendation.

These decisions of the Council's Committees formed the subject of a resolution by the opposition members of the L.C.C., which was rejected.

Why was the L.C.C. not "in haste and in earnest about doing things" on this occasion?

Why did they throw over the decisions of their Committees? Why did they meekly agree with the Government?

There is no official record of debates of the L.C.C., but reference to Hansard gives the clue to the mystery and discloses the opposition of the Trade Unions to attachment of wages!

The very natural question arises as to who governs the L.C.C.!

The Money Payments (Justices Procedure) Bill is a good Bill, but Hansard also discloses that finality is not reached by it. It is vital for the L.C.C. to make known its views.

As the Central Authority for Poor Law for London the L.C.C. is brought closely into contact with the unfortunate separated wives and unmarried mothers whom it has to relieve in many cases of default. Relief Committees' experience throws up vividly the unorganised weakness of such women, and makes inevitable the contrast of the strength of the Trades Unions.

The pusillanimous rejection of the motion to support the recommendations of the Departmental Committee is deplorable on more than one count.

The other point to which I would refer is the alleged opposition to the introduction of ward orderlies to do cleaning work in certain hospitals. That is not the case; the opposition was directed to the fact that the orderlies to be appointed are to perform nursing as well as domestic duties. The submission that such action is professionally reactionary and not in the interest of the patients or of the hospitals was rejected by the Council.

Very much more could be said on these points and on the many other important subjects under debate, which would show the justification of the protest of the Leader of the Opposition on the L.C.C.

C. FULFORD

16 Egerton Gardens, S.W.3.

B.B.C. ADVERTISING

SIR,—I notice a reference to Patent Medicine Advertisements in your paper of July 13th. May I call your attention to an aspect which you appear to have overlooked?

These advertisements not only appear in Sunday and daily newspapers, but in what is practically a Government-owned paper —*The Radio Times*.

Some seven or eight months ago, I wrote to the manager, asking whether, as it was a publicly owned paper, they guaranteed that the advertisements were what they purported to be, and whether before inserting them they made any inquiries as to the efficiency of the goods advertised. To my surprise I received a curt and discourteous reply. The ensuing correspondence was so unsatisfactory that I forwarded a copy of it to a governor of the B.B.C., and on February 5th of this year I received a letter saying: "We are going very seriously into this whole matter, on which I have very real sympathy with the point of view you take."

There may be some temptation for small or struggling papers to insert this class of advertisement, but there can surely be none for a journal which must have a large and continually increasing circulation.

FRANK MATHEWS

47 Maple Road, Bournville, Birmingham.

[The B.B.C. inform us that this and cognate questions relating to all B.B.C. publications are now under review. The whole topic of advertisement in B.B.C. publications must be dealt with when the new B.B.C. constitution is framed next year.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TUTTY

SIR,—According to Hexham's Anglo-Dutch Dictionary (*Groot Woordenboek*, Rotterdam, 1658) *niet* meant "The Soil that runneth of Brasse, also a kind of Mettall"; this is printed as, and obviously is, something quite distinct from Dutch *niet* = English *nothing*, etc., and akin to the *tutty* which the *New English Dictionary* defines as a "crude oxide of zinc found adhering to the flues of furnaces in which brass is melted; also occurring in some countries as a native metal." The linking of the words *niet* and *tutty* is effected in Sewel's *Large Dictionary English and Dutch*: "Niet, Oogen-niet, *Tuty*." "Oogen" is equivalent to "eye" and brings the investigation back to the eye-ointment, Sanskrit *tuttha*, from which the English word is perhaps derived (*N.E.D.*). The "archetypal dictionary" Mr. Young is looking for must, I think, be a Dutch dictionary, perhaps Sewel's, of which I have only seen the third edition (Amsterdam, 1735).

BRIAN W. DOWNS

Christ's College, Cambridge.

SEPARATION AND DIVORCE

SIR,—"Solicitor," in reviewing Mr. Claud Mullins' book in your issue of July 27th, pertinently refers to "the imbecility of a law which gives 'Police Courts' power to make separation orders with the utmost freedom without allowing them to grant divorce." In making this statement he has put his finger on a very serious problem to which I feel sure the public are not sufficiently alive. When, as the Chairman of a Juvenile Court in an industrial district in the Outer London area, I was giving evidence before the Home Office (Social Services) Committee, I ventured to draw attention to this serious moral problem.

I mentioned that in the Petty Sessional Division with which I was connected 585 matrimonial cases had been referred to the Court Missionary, and although reconciliation had been effected in 184 cases, separation orders had been granted, during the two years under review, in thirty-three cases. These were mostly young married couples, and when it is remembered they are precluded from remarrying unless divorced, the moral implications are obvious. Moreover these figures refer to *one* petty sessional division, so that taking the whole country into consideration it will be seen that the number of such cases must be alarmingly large.

What the remedy is—short of facilities for easier and cheaper divorce, after, say, an interval of two or three years—it is difficult to say. But the problem is real and urgent.

20A Wilmington Square, W.C.1 VERNON GIBBERD

ABYSSINIA

SIR,—Can you tell me where I can most easily obtain a detailed and trustworthy statement of the history of the whole Abyssinian dispute and of the legal situation involved? P. T. S.

[The Information Department of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Chatham House, St. James Square, S.W.1, has just published an admirable account under the title *Abyssinia and Italy*. This follows their almost equally useful summary of *The Economic and Financial Position in Italy*.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

PILGRIMAGES

AGE, I find, fosters the finer feelings; and as mine have grown with the years more romantic, and, if you like (I don't dislike it myself) more sentimental, I have fallen into the way of making sentimental journeys every now and then to the homes of one or another of the authors whose books I like to read. Like the old pilgrims, I feel that I acquire a kind of merit by walking on the soil which their feet have trod. The sight of the places where they lived moves me almost as much as reading their biographies or writings—moves me at least in a different fashion. A finer air seems to envelop the homes of these fine writers; there is a deeper colouring in the sky above them. I gaze on their roofs and chimneys and the trees about them with a kind of double vision; they stand there in the light of to-day, but I see them imaged also in memory and imagination, as they float reflected on the still waters of the past. "Strange," as another sentimental pilgrim, Henry James has expressed it, "strange and special the effect of the empty places we stand and wander in to-day for the sake of these vanished people; the irresistible reconstruction, to the all but baffled vision, of inevitable presences—the conscious, shining, mocking void, sad somehow with excess of serenity." Something of the effect he describes I have experienced at the Golden Grove in Wales, in which Jeremy Taylor preached his golden sermons; in the rectory garden at Bemerton, where George Herbert butterfly-netted his butterfly conceits, and in the near-by soil of Sidney's Arcadia, out of which, like a blue flower, the word *romantic* grew. And then again in Italy, in the shadow of the white castle of Lerici, from which little port Shelley sailed on his last blue voyage, and also in the hill town of Recanati near Loreto, where one day, from the windows of the Leopardi palace, I looked on that view of sea and mountains which I had so often seen before in the desolation and perfection of Leopardi's verse.

Of all the shores visited by literary pilgrims none is more rich in memorable shrines than the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva. Here is Coppet, where Madame de Staël talked for ever, and where her mother, Madame Necker, still

sits, it is said, in mummied state. Then there is Voltaire's Ferney, and farther east the home at Lausanne of Gibbon, that other "lord of irony," as Byron called him. But as we approach the farther end of fair Leman, in the company of Childe Harold, and the mountains rise to more romantic heights, and the outrageously romantic Castle of Chillon floats before us, the climate changes; from the light ironic air of the eighteenth century we move into the richer chiaroscuro, the dark or rainbow-tinted mists of the other hemisphere of that age of two faces. Hither, to this lakeside, as to the holiest strand in Europe, pilgrims full of soul were drawn in thousands to visit the scenes of that once sacred volume, *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*. Here were the slopes of Clarens, where Julie and Saint-Preux and Lord Edward Bomston sighed and sorrowed, or passed those long *matinées à l'anglaise* of sensibility and silence. And here was the sacred grove of Julie's *bosquet*, the scene of the tenderest kiss in literature, where Shelley found it difficult to restrain his tears of melancholy transport; and across the lake were the rocks of Meillerie, whence Saint-Preux gazed through his telescope at that lost paradise; and here also could be visited the Castle of Chillon of which Byron later sang, and from which Julie made her mortal and memorable splash. The glow of love, Byron tells us, filled the skies above this region, "of love in its most splendid and sublime capacity, and of our participation of its good and of its glory." No wonder that Shelley, when he visited Lausanne with Byron, scorned to pluck a reliquary sprig of Gibbon's acacia, for fear of outraging the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau.

Even from the unsentimental Stendhal we can learn how deep and tender were the feelings of those who drew near these scenes, drunk, as they all were, from their reading of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. As on his first journey to Italy he approached them, suddenly, he tells us, the sound of church-bells descending from the mountain mingled with his thoughts of Clarens, and gave him a moment of divine felicity which was of itself enough, he said, to render life worth living, and which, he wrote long after, was the nearest approach to perfect happiness, to *le bonheur parfait*, that he had ever known.

Hazlitt tells us, too, that the happiest years of his life were those he spent in reading and re-reading *Julie;* nor could he ever forget that divine moment, when sitting "on a sunny bank in a field in which the green blades of corn waved in the fitful northern breeze," his tears mingled with the drops of morning dew he found on those loved pages, and he became, as never before, conscious of what he described in Shakespeare's phrase as his "glassy essence."

Alas! we might sit in a field forever with *Julie* open before us, but we could not read it; nor, as we motor along the side of Lake Leman (round whose shores Byron made a pilgrim's voyage with Shelley, and Rousseau said his heart would never cease to wander) can we, by any effort of the historical imagination, recover those faded ecstasies and out-of-date emotions. The invocation of Childe Harold,

> Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!

can awaken no echo—or at most an ironic echo—in our modern bosoms. Our insensibility is almost equal to what Gibbon described as the "holy apathy" of St. Bernard, who walked all day by the lake-side and never saw the lake. (Whether it was the picture-postcard obviousness and glaring colour of that landscape which made the Saint avert his eyes, contemporary manuscripts do not say.)

But let the sentimental pilgrim not lose heart; there are "sweet especial places" among these mountains where it is still possible to experience suitable emotions. Let him drive across the frontier of Switzerland into France, and there by the shores of a more modest lake, a happier provision of proper feelings may be his. Such at least was my experience, when, one propitious day in April, I visited the spot at Annecy where Rousseau met Madame de Warens, and that young vagabond of genius first gazed into the tender eyes of this enchanting lady, and listened to the music of her voice; the spot which he wanted to be surrounded by a balustrade of gold, and which should be approached, he said, by pilgrims only on their knees. Although I did not proceed through the streets of Annecy in this fashion, yet, when I saw the gilded balustrade which has actually been put there, I blessed with a gush of genuine feeling my pious predecessors who had in this pretty fashion carried out his wish.

In all Rousseau's many didactic, polemical, mad, and quite unreadable writings there shine out a few pages of pure gold. The earlier chapters of the Confessions, the Fifth Promenade, and the letters to Malsherbes are written by this master of impassioned recollection in a style so musical, so magical and moving, that the experiences he recounts become our own; we are transported, as Ruskin said he was transported, into his ailing body, and as we read, his soul is ours. And to visit Les Charmettes in its lovely little vale, hid in the mountains above Chambéry, is to enrich one's mood with a wealth of fine feelings on which I find it hard to set too high a value. We cannot but believe that this pair of ideal lovers are still living there, and only absent for the day; and the *pervenche*, the blue periwinkle, which Rousseau remembered after more than thirty years, still blooms for us shyly in the hedge.

Jean-Jacques was of course a little scoundrel, and Madame de Warens a spy and swindler; and to all that he tells us of his relations with this enchanting wanton, this mother and mistress-friend of his (too much he tells for some nice-minded readers), literary research has cold-bloodedly added details of an even more disconcerting nature, exposing a side to this affair so seamy that it deserves to rank beyond that love-affair with Sarah Walker, the story of which, Hazlitt admitted, was somewhat "discordant to honest ears."

But there is no such blur upon the pictures framed and glazed and hung up in my memory of two other places I have visited in France. Both of these were experiences also of an almost uncanny evocation. When I motored out from Bordeaux to the château of Montaigne, and climbed in his tower, which stands apart, up into his circular library, I almost felt myself in the actual presence of the essayist; almost seemed to see him pacing up and down, or pausing now and then to make a note of some conceit or humour, or to gaze with ironic eyes through the window at the home of his wife and family just across the courtyard, and yet—in thought—so many immeasurable miles away.

Montaigne was a familiar, affable ghost to call on; but when I went to see Madame de Sévigné in her Breton home, though the visit was one of the most enchanting visits I have ever paid, yet it was, to tell the truth, a little frightening also. Her château of Les Rochers, which stands about four miles from Vitry, and no great distance from Mont St. Michel, remains, with its woodland walks and formal gardens, with her room and writing-table and bright yellow bed-spread embroidered by her daughter, so precisely as it was when she lived there, that I felt for a queer moment of hallucination more of a ghost than the ghost I had come to visit—a revenant out of a rowdy present into the more stately epoch which has been exempted from flighty time by the pen of this unassuming, courteous, good-humoured great lady, who happens to be the best of all letter-writers, and indeed—so I think of her now after another reading of her correspondence—the finest writer of all the women of the world. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

A BACKWARD GLANCE

IT has been interesting but also saddening to see the revival of two Bakst ballets, *Scheherazade* and *The Good-Humoured Ladies*. As Diaghileff foresaw, the generation to which these ballets are new finds them rather insipid. "Can it be true," they ask, "that these innocent colours once caused a revolution in taste?" And one has to remind them that when Bakst became popular, Matisse and Picasso were still ignored or thought ridiculous. The *Boutique Fantasque* and the *Three Cornered Hat* seem as beautiful now as they did at

their creation. But Picasso and Derain are serious painters. Bakst, on the other hand, was only a theatrical designer, a dazzling virtuoso, but after all comparable in stature to Poiret rather than to Picasso. Moreover he has suffered from his imitators; his stylized Eighteenth Century has become the bread-and-butter of hundreds of illustrators: coloured Christmas supplements, chocolate-boxes and posters still repeat and distort his inventions. And the colours of *Scheherazade*, which once blazed on the divans of fashionable drawing-rooms, still drag out their senile life on the wallpapers of cheap French hotels. On the whole I am surprised that the decors of these two ballets resist the ravages of time as well as they do. Unluckily the costumes are no longer all of them what Bakst intended. Would it not have been possible to repeat the original designs?

The music of *Scheherazade*, which used to lift us out of our seats, also seems rather shop-soiled. It is too effective, too sensational; the motor is driven with the accelerator pressed down as far as it will go, the last drop of rich sauce is mopped up with a piece of bread. The choreography is often stilted, but it has one or two splendid moments—the entrance of the cup bearers prancing in a semi-circle and the inrush of the crowding negroes are remarkable inventions, the miming is admirably arranged. Massine's choreography for *The Good-Humoured Ladies* dates very much less—it is of course much less old. The movements are admirably expressive, and if the *entrain* seems diminished, perhaps that is only because the general standard of performance is less polished.

While the *recherche du temps perdu* is a pleasing if melancholy recreation, news of the research is apt to exasperate other people. But remembering Idzikovski, I could not endure the worthy young man who took his part, and when Danilova danced, all her grace and skill could not obliterate for a moment the figure of another dancer who with face turned up and arms akimbo seemed Thalia herself dancing with not only her body but her eyes. Those who saw Nijinski no doubt felt the same about *Scheherazade*. But here I could recapture the past entire for Scheherazade herself was unchanged: the Tchernicheva now dancing at Covent Garden is identical with the Tchernicheva who danced at the Coliseum seventeen years ago. Here for an instant time which destroys all things is itself destroyed.

ROGER MARVELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Midsummer Night's Dream" in Regent's Park

It is interesting to have seen in one week a great Viennese actor, Herr Homolka, give a dazzling performance in an indifferent part, and one of our most reputable English actors, Mr. Robert Atkins, give a wretched one in a magnificent part. It is an experience to see anyone mangle Bottom's opportunities to such an extent that it provides an acute lesson in how not to treat Shakespeare. For Mr. Atkins not only misses almost every point of humour and beauty in the lines, but by business, uncouth noises, and the addition of words of his own so lengthens his part, that one longs to break out into wild applause, when Hippolyta complains of the tediousness of the interlude. Mr. Atkins has also produced the play with an emphasis on unnecessary decoration, which culminates in an Arab dance by Thisbe which is an insult to the intelligence. The clowns in themselves were commendably simple—they should always be like Mr. Bones the Butcher or Mr. Chips the Carpenter—but Mr. Atkins so larded and interlarded their lean humour that only Mr. Lewis Casson as Quince slipped through and gave a quiet and telling performance. The lovers are always rather boring, particularly if Helena is played as a serious romantic and in this case both she (Miss Lesley Wareing) and Hermia (Miss Rosalind Boulter) wandered in no Athenian wood, but in some genteel greenery-yallery Bosco di Kensingtonia. Demetrius and Lysander on the other hand were both admirable, and Demetrius (Mr. Hubert Gregg) has one of the most lovely speaking voices heard on the London stage for some time. He has the misfortune to be a little short in stature, which militates against his becoming a star, but he has power of gesture and ease of movement and should go a long way; also there are other spheres to which he may gravitate, as did Mr. Alan Howland, another short actor with an exquisite voice, who now is the sports commentator on the Movietone. The magic of *Midsummer Night's Dream* depends on the fairies and Motley, whose costumes are admirable throughout, here plays the whole gamut of the leaf motif with delicious effect. In this Dickey Doyle atmosphere Miss Fay Compton's red hair and rather pointed chin give just the right elfin air; and her performance is the high-spot of the production. Once again, as she did when playing Ophelia opposite Barrymore, she shows herself a great Shakespearean actress. Vocally and musically—and we have hardly heard her charming singing voice since her "Follies" days—her Titania is perfect, giving just the right blend of human and outlandish qualities, while every young actress should go to Regent's Park to learn how to get up off a couch. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Oberon is a museum piece, which Mr. Burwyn-Fosselton would have admired tremendously. Certain phrases she speaks beautifully, but she mouths her words to such an extent in the Euphuistic passages that no foreign visitor could possibly understand them. Mr. Leslie French as Puck repeats his beautiful performance of last year, but he is putting on flesh a bit too much to strip so far. To tell the truth, there is far too much fustian about this production. There is every opportunity to get the breath of immortality into Elizabethan Athens, particularly in this lovely setting and on these warm starlit nights, but only Miss Compton, Mr. French and Mr. Gregg get anywhere near doing it.

"The Unguarded Hour"

Few tasks can be more repugnant to a sensitive K.C. than that of arranging for people who may have committed murders to be sentenced to death. Sad, too, the lot of the K.C.'s wife, whose womanly intuition tells her that she will shortly be accompanying her husband to Le Touquet (on a rest cure) with innocent blood upon his head. What can she do, in fact, but plan to leave him unless he drops the case? And what can he do but look as much like Godfrey Tearle as possible and stand by his profession? So far the play at Daly's takes us along with only feeble protests. But then Scotland Yard, ably impersonating Mr. Malcolm Keen, begins to ask awkward questions about the murder of an unknown woman in a flat that very afternoon. Not for a Tearle to offer explanations. For that matter he had actually visited the flat, on a distinctly questionable errand. Evidence accumulates. He is in danger of arrest. Disillusioned, as well he may be, on the subject of circumstantial evidence, he remembers the boy who is to be sentenced on the morrow. Perhaps he too. . . . In five minutes he has found a way of destroying his own case—a bad omission on the part of the defence. Boldly next day he withdraws from the prosecution and in full poetic justice learns that he too has been cleared of suspicion. Comment may be restricted to remarking that coincidence breeds even more bad plays than bad verdicts.

Walter Crisham at the Palladium

Anyone who is interested in dancing should make a point of seeing Walter Crisham, who is giving an act with June on the halls at the moment. Mr. Crisham, whose job in life seems to be supporting stars in ball-room dances, is far too little known for his solo work. For he is that rare thing, a genuine grotesque. In the eccentric number, which he dances by himself, his powers of invention are completely individual. Gifted with a long, graceful body and irreproachable technique, his flickering hands, splaying feet, out-turned elbows and knees build up a pattern of angles, which forms, breaks up and reforms, but moves all the time with an exquisite rhythm and smoothness of effect which is a delight to watch. His saturnine, humorous face gives expression to the action of his dancing and this particular number, based on a conception which is intrinsically negroid, is translated by his own particular virtuosity into something very much above the average of male dancing.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 9th—
"Der Schimmelreiter," Academy Cinema.

MONDAY, August 12th—
"Man and Superman," Cambridge Theatre.

TUESDAY, August 13th—
Flower Show, British Gladiolus Society, Old Horticultural Hall.

WEDNESDAY, August 14th—
Conference organised by the Provisional Committee on Academic Freedom. Speeches by Bertrand Russell, G. D. H. Cole, Norman Bentwich and others. University Museum, Oxford. 10.30.
Maurice Bannister, Folk Song Recital, Arts Theatre, 9.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EVERY morning I look at Strube's cartoon in the *Daily Express* with amusement and despair. There have been "little men" in other ages, but never before have they been taught to take a pride in their littleness. Moreover this "little man," so absurd and pathetic in his bowler and his pince-nez, is potentially formidable. It is the members of his class which now dominate Germany. Power has spread slowly, first kings, then nobles, then the upper *bourgeoisie*, and now the petty *bourgeoisie*, which seems the most inept of all for government. With these little Babbitts in control, tolerance, cosmopolitanism and education, which the best minds of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rightly took to be signs of progress, fall into eclipse. It is therefore difficult not to take a despairing view of our civilisation. Even literature and taste are in decay, and the middle-ages notice with consternation how few of the younger generation take any interest in the masterpieces of the past. Hunger in the midst of plenty is the agony of an economic system; jazz and Tudor bungalows, Mr. Coward and Miss Stein, Buchmanism and Book of the Month Clubs are the death-rattles of a culture. One tries to believe that this arid period is the watershed between two forms of civilisation, and that the shape of things to come, outlined so unflatteringly in *Brave New World*, and so harshly in Soviet Russia, may develop into a very handsome pattern. Unluckily those of us who have known the *douceur de vivre* in the sunset of the old culture cannot expect to survive into the light of the new day. In any case we should probably be unable to adapt ourselves to it. However optimistic I try to be about the future, I do not believe that people will still read Boswell, or look at Piero della Francesca, or listen to Beethoven.

* * *

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Mr. Gerald Heard, announces the new dispensation, a culture which will find in science the fulfilment of those longings which in the past have been expressed in art. He is himself a credit to the old culture, and we can derive one last gleam of ironical pleasure from the fact that this forerunner has been trained not on test-tubes or microscopes, but on Horace and Gibbon. The scientific temper is one of the highest human achievements, and it is still, I fancy, found more frequently among literary gents than among scientists. "The actual scientists themselves"—I quote Mr. Heard—"are nearly all specialists, little interested in science as a whole, and, it appears, even less in the scientific attitude to life in general." The physicist, the biologist and the psychologist remain in complacent ignorance of one another's labours; and, if they have any philosophy at all, it is as often as not some *simpliste* view which has already been made obsolete by their fellow-scientists. Anthropologists gaily disregard the progress made in psychology, and the inventor of the thermionic valve talks of the Old Testament in the style of Tennessee. Moreover, science, like religion, has its conservative or vested interests. Mr. Heard has a good story of the curator of a museum who sent a subordinate to inspect the remains of a "sea serpent": "It is of the utmost importance," he insisted, "that the animal should be found to be of a species known to survive." Nothing, of course, could be less scientific than this assumption that the sea has given up all its secrets. Similarly, when a society interested in psychical research required to engage a psychologist for its investigations it was rumoured that any young man who took the job would endanger his academic future. If telepathy, and still more, telekinesis, could be proved it would entail altogether too uncomfortable an adjustment of accepted notions. Therefore it must be assumed that such phenomena are *a priori* impossible, and not meet to be investigated. The true scientific temper, of course, entails an open mind. It is as unwilling to reject a hypothesis which is not disproved as it is to accept one which is not proved. And the conservatism of individual scientists seems all the more unjustifiable in face of the revolutionary changes which have been taking place in most branches of science.

* * *

Mr. Heard's new book, *Science in the Making* (Faber and Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is based on a series of broadcast talks he gave about the scientific discoveries made last year. It contains a mass of information, most of which, even when not new, is unfamiliar to those of us who have not had a scientific education. The range is very wide: we are stunned by figures *à propos* of the new telescope which will be able to photograph star-clusters so remote that their light (which travels more than 186,000 miles a second) takes 1,200 million years to reach the earth. We are told of the girl who has had a healthy child at the age of seven, in India of course; of balloons for sounding the stratosphere which send out wireless messages as they rise; of ferrets which, apparently alone of animals, can be infected with influenza; of the use of hydrochloric acid for quickly restoring to consciousness persons under an anaesthetic; of the transmutation of elements (the alchemist's dream come true); of the Japanese use of the catfish as a prophet of earthquakes; of citronella, which when you smell it makes you see more clearly; of the pull of the moon on the earth, which makes observations of it inaccurate, since the observatory itself is rising or falling; of successful experiments in ectogenesis, rabbits being conceived in a test-tube, and after some days being inserted into the body of a foster-mother and brought to maturity; of the probable advantages of placing the screw in the bow instead of at the stern of ships; of the devastating effect upon instinct in hens of a diet containing no manganese. (They cease to look after their chicks—an experiment this which it would be interesting to repeat upon over-fussy human mothers.) All such oddments are brought together by Mr. Heard's comments into a prodigiously exciting picture of a universe in perpetual movement, everywhere everything changing continually into something else. Not even steel, it seems, is static, for its hardness varies from hour to hour; "the most usual frequency which has been discovered in cold metals is one of six hours, a pulse like our ocean tides." Mr. Heard has an extraordinary gift for making such facts vivid and stimulating to the most sluggish imagination. About the earthquake at Quetta, for instance, he explains that the Himalayas are still growing and "the plains at their feet are being drawn up also, just as the sheets rise in a slope when you raise your knees in bed." Here again is his description of the layer above the earth which protects us from the dangerous radiation of the universe, and prevents our wireless messages being lost in the remoteness of outer space.

> We are learning that though the outer side of this our protective vault must be swept, scooped and torn like a sea-wall that faces the Atlantic, yet the underside, the soffit of the world's largest arch, is smooth as glass, smooth as a still lake. We can say that the surfaces on which the radio waves run are liquid mirrors, so sensitive that a roll of thunder makes them "dusk and shiver."

Mr. Heard not only can turn a Tennysonian phrase to his purpose, but in his analogies shows that he has a poetic imagination himself. But sometimes the audience for which he was originally writing makes its requirements too much felt. He has to explain some things a little too patiently, and a note of official B.B.C. uplift seems to be sounded when he invites us to feel "gratitude" for the fact that our environment makes it possible for us to be alive. On the whole, however, the necessity for being simple has had a good effect on his style, and this book is a pleasure to read. His natural adventurousness may make some men of science shake their heads, but their debt to him is enormous. For in a world increasingly inclined to regard as parasitic all whose activities cannot be gauged by economics, he is an impassioned and convincing advocate for disinterested curiosity, the love of truth for truth's sake.

* * *

"Our education," Mr. Heard says, "has frowned on idle curiosity," and he looks to a future when it will be the capacity

not for production, but for the use of leisure which is most valued. Nature itself, he suggests, will favour those gifted with " curiosity, the finest of the passions."

> Curiosity is impersonal and so can remain when all personal appetites have been paid off. Curiosity is not utilitarian and so can carry on when men are sated with means. Curiosity is inexhaustible, and so can find fresh fields and new explorations when all the world that men can exploit is ordered, every sight has been seen and every power exercised.

If human beings can somehow be conditioned to develop this curiosity, the future of our species may be rosy. *Science in the Making* is an enchanting book to read because one is infected by the evident happiness of the author, a happiness based upon an appetite for facts joined to a rare faculty for speculation. And then one remembers that curiosity is a disturbing quality which no Government can be expected to encourage. Curiosity makes good individuals but bad citizens. It is dynamic, and the State is static—even revolutionary Governments aim at *establishing* themselves. Moreover, while our *bourgeois* culture is evidently decaying, it is still uncertain that a culture based on science will take its place. The new generation, you say, is passionately interested in motors and aeroplanes and every sort of invention? Certainly. But science does not mean machinery: it means knowledge.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

AUTOBIOGRAPHIA

Been Places and Seen Things. By KENNETH MACKENZIE. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

A Schoolboy Caught in the Russian Revolution. By ANDRÉ MIKHELSON. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

Wild Career. By WILLIAM J. GIBSON. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

What are the necessary qualifications for the writer of a Rolling Stone autobiography? We get so many of them nowadays. We are sated with the extraordinary. We demand, as a minimum matter-of-course, that the author shall have sailed before the mast, preferably as a stoker. He must have visited New York, Shanghai and at least one town in the U.S.S.R. (South America is optional). He must have met at least one world-celebrity and acted in at least one Hollywood film. He should be able to describe the inside of a brothel and a prison. (Extra marks will be given for boxing matches and bull-fights). And he must have committed manslaughter. That will do for a start.

Mr. Mackenzie qualifies on all these counts, with a great many extras thrown in. He is a natural writer with a fine ear for slang. Meeting a stranger, he catches instantly the tone of voice, the characteristic phrase: the voice becomes a live person—Bolshy, Spike Connolly, the mission-lady or the Russian princess. It is the same with places: he does not try to generalise on the strength of a forty-eight-hour visit; he grasps a fistful of vivid personal impressions: the betting in the bar at Sydney, the free fight after the boxing match at Callao, the rattlesnakes in Texas, the marriage of convenience at Shanghai. Alaska he liked best of all. He dreams of its fishing and hunting-grounds back at home in a Glasgow slum.

There is an amusing visit to Vladivostock and a Red prison; the only penal institution, one supposes, which Mr. Mackenzie has ever entered of his own free will. The crew of his ship were not much impressed by the propaganda leaflets they received on landing, but cheered up considerably when they learnt, from an official biography, that Karl Marx, that formidable figure, had been a " high-stepper," after all, and " two-timed his old woman." Later, the author finds himself in the Chicago of Al Capone and Dion O'Banion. He becomes a minor member of O'Banion's private army. There is some lively gun-play, spiced with repartee:

> Some of the wise guys in Capone's mob pulled their rods and fired a few shots into the air and told us we had better scram before we were carried away on stretchers.
>
> " Yeah," was our reply, " you guys don't look as if you're anchored down."

Then O'Banion was murdered and there was a fantastic armistice supper at which the rival gangsters fraternised. " I shotta at you once, but no getta da bullet straight," said a Caponist, by way of introduction, to Mr. Mackenzie; and they shook hands on it. The great Al himself rose to make a peace-speech which, in a slightly modified idiom, might have been taken straight from the " private conversations " of our European diplomacy: " Boys, why should we make a shooting gallery out of a good business? It gets nobody anywhere. It's a tough enough racket as it is."

Despite all this blood shed in sport or in earnest, one closes the book feeling that its author is neither a bully nor a brute, but an unassuming, simple, humorous young man. The introduction speaks of his " protest " against industrial civilisation: one only hopes that Mr. Mackenzie will never be induced to take himself so pompously. Let him stay as he is, one of the few naive observers in our self-conscious century, content to wander and to admire: *Been Places and Seen Things*. His story admirably opens: " That phrase means a lot to me."

Tough as Mr. Mackenzie undoubtedly is, and useful with his fists, he would hardly have had a fair chance against fourteen-year-old André Mikhelson, the autobiographer of *A Schoolboy Caught in the Russian Revolution*. Mr. Mackenzie is a mere human being; André Mikhelson was, during the period of which he writes, a kind of demon. From the opening pages, in which he watches, " faint from fear and rapture," the houses of Moscow burning, we are made to feel ourselves in the presence of a creature demoniacally possessed by the abstract violence of his epoch. *Le déluge, c'est moi!* Once separated from his parents, the delicate, coddled millionaire's son became rapidly transformed:

> Big strong grown-up soldiers, thrice my age, capable of slaying me with a single blow of their fist, retreated like dogs merely before my cold stare, filled with hatred. Everything I did, I did unconsciously. I was full and brimming over with an evil strength and will. Evil filled me, then poured out of me.

This book tells the story of his efforts to escape from Russia and join his father abroad. He tries to get through the White lines, is wounded and returns to Moscow in a cattle-truck: his adventures are a nightmare jumble of sex and spotted typhus, starving, stealing and stabbing. André learns how to catch body-vermin, how to bargain at the markets, how to murder a coachman with an axe. Down with religion! Down with the family! And (after the first spasm of enthusiasm) down with Communism too! " Egoism—this was my religion!" André tells us, and exclaims, in an outburst of satanic pride: " Heaven and earth shall pass away but I shall hold to mine."

TRIPLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

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MORRIS

At the end of the book this juvenile Heathcliff is provided with a passport and crosses the frontier into the capitalist wonderland, where there are clean towels in the lavatory which nobody steals and where a millionaire's son can order caviare to be sent up to his room. We leave him on the balcony of the Palace Hotel in Montreux, planning to learn to ride a bicycle, to climb the mountains, to be happy. But that was fifteen years ago. What has happened to M. Mikhelson since then? The sequel to such a boyhood could hardly fail to be remarkable: we hope he will write it.

Mr. William Gibson has called his book *Wild Career*; and certainly there is plenty of external action and excitement in this story of his Russian adventures, during and after the war. But Mr. Gibson himself, coming after the volcanic André, seems anything but wild: despite his Anglo-Russian traditions and training, he is a Britisher through and through. The October revolution, with its "strange-looking crank leaders," cannot be taken altogether seriously. He enlivens it with practical jokes: throwing a few bombs through the window of a room where a central committee meeting is being held, or tricking a restaurant full of Red officials into drinking the health of the late Tsar. In Reval, he smuggles art treasures out of Russia and helps an American firm to get the better of the Soviet Government. (He is careful to draw a nice distinction between the ethics of his firm, which merely supplied the Reds with rotten boots, and the ethics of the Jews, who stole a whole consignment outright.) Then he goes to Constantinople, where he is shocked to find the Allied troops preparing to evacuate the city before the arrival of Kemal and his "rag-merchants." As a protest, he puts on a fez in the Régence Hotel, "to show those present that the Britons left behind would either have to leave the country or go native." His indignant fellow-countrymen tear it to bits. Next day, when most of them have left, he is one of the few Europeans who risk lynching to wear a hat. But, alas, the hat fails to attract sufficient attention: Mr. Gibson is compelled to resort to more heroic measures. Going into a cabaret full of Turkish soldiers, he asks the permission of the senior officer present for *God Save the King* to be played. After some argument, permission is granted, the anthem is performed, not once but twice, and "the crowded hall resounded with cheers, but what for I don't quite know." At any rate, honour is satisfied and everybody gets very drunk. There's nothing like honour for giving a man a thirst.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

AT EUROPE'S BEDSIDE

Europe's Crisis. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. *Cape.* 5s.

No one will deny that Europe is extremely unwell both politically and economically. She has taken to her bed and some people already are convinced that the illness is a fatal one; at any rate, she will never, as the saying is, be quite the same again. The doctors are flocking to her bedside, shaking their heads, using long words to describe little things, each with his own diagnosis and prescription. Here is Dr. Siegfried, a characteristically clever Frenchman whom we all know in England, for he has already treated us professionally in his book, *England's Crisis*. He now comes to the bedside of the larger patient and treats her in a much smaller book. For all its cleverness and clarity it is a disappointing book. The diagnosis, so far as it goes, is no doubt correct. Europe's present crisis is, in M. Siegfried's view, the result of an inevitable economic process which began in the nineteenth century and was only accelerated, not caused, by the war. The Europe which our fathers lived in was based upon and required for its continued existence an economic hegemony of that continent over the rest of the world. It assumed an international economic system with a highly industrialised Europe at its centre, "developing" the "backward" countries of Asia, Africa, and America, exchanging its manufactured articles for the raw materials of the rest of the world. But if you develop undeveloped countries successfully enough they naturally cease to be undeveloped. That is what even in the nineteenth century began to happen to the "rest of the world." Europe was only too successful in teaching them the secrets of her industrialised civilisation. In America, in the British Dominions, even in Asia, the customers of Europe learnt how to manufacture things for themselves as well as how to produce raw materials. This was the beginning of the end of Europe's economic hegemony. The process was enormously accelerated by the industrialisation forced upon the rest of the world during the four years in which Europeans devoted themselves exclusively to the manufacture of munitions and armies for purposes of mutual destruction.

Thus Europe's crisis, according to M. Siegfried, is due to the necessity of adjusting herself to the new economic world system in which non-European countries no longer need her manufactures. It is when he comes to the physician's final duty of prescribing a remedy that his book is disappointing. We can either reduce our standard of living and become Nazis or we can Americanise Europe. Or—rather vaguely—we must trust to our superior economic technique. There is an air of fatalism and defeatism about M. Siegfried's last pages which is highly characteristic. After all, if he went one step further back in his diagnosis he would discover the fact that the crisis is not only Europe's, but the world's, and it is due fundamentally to the enormously increased power of the world to satisfy its material needs. We refuse to admit that this is an adequate reason for the world or for Europe throwing up the sponge and resigning itself to the necessity of permanently reducing the general standard of living. No doubt, a truism; but a truism which the most intelligent people overlook in the economic *sauve qui peut* which is sweeping over the world, and which, like all panics, prevents the panic-stricken from seeing the clear road to safety.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE MONTAIGNE TRADITION

The Fortunes of Montaigne. A History of the Essays in France. 1580–1669. By ALAN M. BOASE. *Methuen.* 18s.

Among the many unfamiliar passages quoted by Dr. Boase in this learned and elaborately documented thesis there is one which illustrates admirably Montaigne's position at the end of the seventeenth century. According to Huet, Bishop of Avranches, the Essays had become by then "le Bréviaire des honnêtes paresseux et des ignorants studieux qui veulent s'enfariner de quelque connaissance du monde et de quelque teinture de lettres. A peine trouveriez-vous un gentilhomme de campagne qui veuille se distinguer des preneurs de lièvres sans un Montaigne sur sa cheminée." Montaigne, in short, had ceased to exercise a positive influence in the intellectual world and had become a classic. That is his position to-day, when many people keep a copy of the Essays on their shelves but never read them. After 1676, when they were placed on the Index, the Essays, which had been reprinted every few years for the best part of a century, vanished into the dignified oblivion of gentlemen's libraries. More than fifty years were to pass before a new edition in French was called for.

This decline in "the fortunes of Montaigne" provides a useful *terminus ad quem* for Dr. Boase's study of the influence, criticism and appreciation of the Essays during a period of intense and exciting intellectual activity. Briefly, his purpose is to examine—and he does so with extraordinary patience and erudition—the evolution of what may be called the Montaigne Tradition, and to trace in the pages of innumerable obscure and now forgotten *montaignisants* the gradual genesis of a climate of opinion favourable to the cultivation and dissemination of the ideas planted in the Essays. His main theme is the part they played in "the development of Humanism as opposed to orthodox Christianity"; or, more broadly speaking, their share in the great conflict between Faith and Reason which divided the seventeenth century. It is a vast and absorbing subject, treated by Dr. Boase with all the dignity and diffuseness appropriate to a doctoral dissertation; the text, swollen by quotations, overflows on almost every page into discursive footnotes; the wood vanishes at times among the trees, Montaigne among a host of *montaignisants*; with the result that it is not always easy to decide how much a particular writer or treatise is directly indebted to the Essays and how much to the more general prevailing climate of opinion. This difficulty is almost bound to arise in any study of "influences," and Dr. Boase recognises it, particularly in his last chapters where he discusses the impact of Montaigne's thought on later writers like Molière and La Fontaine.

The heresy of fideism, after all, did not originate with Montaigne. But, as Dr. Boase shows, it needed a man of Montaigne's intellectual stature to discover its implications, and to pass on to his generation in an acceptable and seductive form the heretical doctrine of the Paduan Averroists. Montaigne's scepticism of reason, for example, was the logical outcome of his adoption of the fideist attitude; it was to lead him, ahead of all his contemporaries, along the paths of tolerance and forbearance towards the humanitarian ideal of the eighteenth century. Scarcely less important was the inevitable distinction, which followed upon the recognition of the irreconciliability of faith and reason, between

morals and belief; it involved the whole problem of ethical conduct, the theory of the "honnête homme" and the creation of "la morale laïque."

It is difficult to estimate the tremendous and far-reaching consequences of the ideas and ideals which Montaigne's Essays put into general circulation. Dr. Boase does not attempt to do more than illustrate in detail the immediate intellectual consequences of the "new philosophy." His book, though it is so largely concerned with resuscitating texts that few people will ever read again—even Charron, Montaigne's *vulgarisateur* and most influential disciple, keeps company with the worm and the spider; and who has ever disturbed the sleep of Marandé, Mersenne or Cotin?—shows how directly and indirectly Montaigne's Essays affected the intellectual outlook both of *libertin* and *dévôt* during the century following their publication. *The Fortunes of Montaigne* is a book that will appeal to anyone who read Mr. Basil Willey's more spirited but less exhaustive *The Seventeenth Century Background.* JOHN HAYWARD

MILLIMETTERNICH

Dollfuss and His Times. By J. D. GREGORY. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

In recording the death of Dollfuss, Mr. Gregory says:

> So there passed into a higher sphere a man who had never done anything but good in his life, who had loved justice and hated iniquity, and who had passed his days in helping others and caring only for the welfare of his country.

It is in this strain of fervent idolatry that the book, an elaborate history of post-war Austria, is written. At times it verges on melodrama. Dollfuss is the hero, the predestined champion of the West against barbarism, who can do no wrong; his simple pious upbringing, his passionate belief in the patriotic "Austrian Idea," his devotion to his aged mother, his wife and children, are painted with exuberant detail and a wealth of clichés. The villain is, of course, Adolf Hitler ("The Great Adversary"), though the Socialist leaders form, as it were, a subsidiary chorus of villains. Mussolini ("The chivalrous Duce") plays the part of the hero's great-hearted friend, who provides a haven for wife and children, and rapturous holidays of bathing and fast driving. The Catholic Church, with which the Hapsburgs are more or less completely identified, represents Good, while "Bolshevism," which, surprisingly enough, is equated not only with Austrian Social-Democracy, but also National-Socialism, represents Evil, the only defence against which is, apart from "that admirable body of Vienna police" (which was discovered to have so distressingly many Nazis in its ranks), a new Holy Roman Empire with Vienna as its centre, holier than ever.

It does not need a very close student of international politics to see that this is an extremely partisan view of modern Austrian history, to say the least. There is another, and to many more plausible, view of Dollfuss' character and actions, even leaving out of account the most savage things of which he has been accused by his opponents. In the capitalist society of to-day it is practically impossible for a politician to be anything but the servant of economic and financial powers that remain in the background, and it does not seem that Dollfuss, for all his natural political ability and belief in himself, was any exception to the rule. In practice the "Austrian Idea" has meant little more in post-war history than the determination of the rivals of German Imperialism to prevent its expansion towards the Balkans and Adriatic; and Dollfuss, the Catholic peasant, though he rose to prominence as champion of the Church and the other implacable opponents of Marxism, stayed in power because, in a country dependent on foreign support, he was the most able exponent of this policy. It is extremely improbable that Dollfuss himself, any more than his Heimwehr supporters, felt as hostile to the Nazis as he did to the Socialists—the determination to annihilate the latter and their Schutzbund, the only force in the country that could be relied on to fight Nazi aggression, is the proof. Moreover, it is difficult to square the idea of the man, "impregnated by the freshness of whose spirit Vienna is ceasing to be an asylum of grim psychiatrists and regaining its *joie de vivre*," with the man who, after the rising, telephoned impatiently to know why Koloman Wallisch had not already been condemned and hung.

At times the author's fanatically pro-Catholic and anti-Socialist bias forces him to ignore certain extremely important facts, such as the real popularity of Seitz and the immense concrete achievements of the Social-Democratic Government of Vienna under his leadership, and also simply to state many significant events and changes of policy or cabinet without any adequate explanation, and to hurry on. That no mention is made of the open threats and provocations of the Heimwehr just before February, or of the wholesale maltreatment of political prisoners, confirmed as it is by a mass of evidence from more than one side, which took place after the rising, or of the persistence and strength of popular, non-Nazi opposition during the last eighteen months, is understandable, given Mr. Gregory's prejudices. But whatever side is taken, it is a serious defect in a book of this size that the vested interests and the fundamental economic forces at work in the country are nowhere properly treated. And though a host of minor personalities make their appearance, two figures who have played leading parts in Austria's recent history, are totally absent: the armaments manufacturer and Heimwehr backer, Mandl, and the Jesuit Father, Bichlmaier. JOHN LEHMANN

PRIDE OF COUNTRY

Scottish Country. Edited by GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. *Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's pleasant compilation is, he writes, "intended to give the spirit of fifteen divisions of Scotland." It does more than this: it achieves a spontaneous unity. Like the children of a large family these essays in their extreme diversity of character, of style, and of merit are yet imbued with the indefinable and unmistakable resemblance of a common heritage.

They move with a kind of defiant and unspoken pride of country. None is without a lively sense of landscape: whether it is implied, as in the misty background of Mr. Maclaren's "Fishing in the Western Highlands," or described, as in Mr. Allan's sharp outline of the towers of Aberdeen "glittering silver and cold as death," or felt, as in Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's own sensually vivid consciousness of the colour, the roughness, the rocky contours of Skye. Again, there is in every one of these essays a continual remembrance of the passed and passing centuries, rich as leaf mould. This remembrance glows mellow in Mr. Ferguson's delightful study of a valley in Ayrshire where "layer after layer of the past lives on in the present." It inspires throughout the book an habitual bitterness of lamentation that the crofters were a century

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ago evicted—with cruelty piled on injustice—to make room for sheep, grouse, and deer: and it assumes, in the frequent unexplained allusions to Covenant martyrs and secession Churches, that the reader has an unusually detailed knowledge of Scottish history. (In my own case this assumption was not justified: in fact I wished again and again that Mr. Scott-Moncrieff had included some sort of chronological table, not to mention a map, and a small glossary where one might find the significance of such words as plowtered, ashet, spinks, smeddum, and eident, and a translation of the passage of Shetland dialect quoted on page 137.) In Mr. Linklater's solidly vigorous piece of work on Orkney is most intensely embodied a quality characteristic in varying degree of all the essays, a hatred of what he calls "the heresies of the ant-hill," that is, of centralisation, whether in the form of socialism, of industrial capitalism, or of the corporate State. He points out that in Orkney, "a land of small farms and of small commercial enterprise," there has been little suffering from the world depression. There is practically no unemployment, there is no tale of bankrupt farmers and ruined shopkeepers—more, "there is no cut-throat competition," for if you are in difficulties "your neighbours turn to and help you."

Closely connected with this feeling for small units of communal life is the revived nationalism to be perceived in every part of "Scottish Country"; to which on the whole it adds a growing strength, a sober grace. It has, however, its absurdities, as when it inspires Mr. MacDiarmid to set forth in a length of pretentious prose patterned with words derived from the Latin his desire to return "to a deBraccised, deLatinised and deFrenchified language."

RENÉE HAYNES

PAN-SERBS AND KOMITADJIS

Black Hand over Europe. By HENRI POZZI. *Francis Mott.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Terror in the Balkans. By ALBERT LONDRES. Translated by L. ZARINE. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

If you are feeling bored with the humdrum monotony of everyday life in a relatively civilised country, these two books should wake you up; the only thing is that it becomes monotonous, too, to have your hair standing on end continuously. What both M. Pozzi and M. Londres have to say is substantially true, however, and, between the two of them, anyone with a little common sense and a good deal of staying power may also pick up quite a lot of information.

Everybody who has followed Balkan affairs knows that a group of Pan-Serb officers calling themselves the Black Hand eliminated the pro-Austrian Obrenovitch dynasty in 1903, and engineered Sarajevo and the outbreak of war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia and everyone else in 1914. It is misleading of M. Pozzi's publishers to call this English version of his *La Guerre revient* by the Black Hand title, for, under the late King Alexander of Jugoslavia, the Black Hand was ousted by the more reactionary White Hand. The royal dictatorship, with all that that implies, was pretty well the rule of the White Hand, and the White Hand chief, General Zhivkovitch, is still regarded by most people as the power behind the Jugoslav throne.

M. Pozzi is one of those people who alone know the whole truth. But though his method of writing is suspect, and he cannot, for instance, suppose that incidents between Italy and Jugoslavia can ever be Italy's fault, he is right to see a particular scandal and a general danger in the oppression of Croatia and Macedonia by the Belgrade regime. While the Croats, with very few exceptions, have resisted persecution in a marvellously civilised way, the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation of the Komitadjis, as M. Londres shows, fights the Jugoslav authorities with all their own weapons—assassination, remorseless torture and the rest. There is, however, some justification for M. Pozzi's attempt to show that the Macedonians are nothing but noble idealists. The "Liberty or Death" people who follow Mihailoff are puritanically fanatical—they have not, like the agents of their deadly enemies of the White Hand, been corrupted by the power they wield. Thanks to the Jugoslav-Bulgar *rapprochement*, Mihailoff's power to-day seems broken, but Alexander of Jugoslavia is murdered, and probably by Chernozensky, once Mihailoff's chauffeur. That the major part of Macedonia was in 1918 transferred to Jugoslavia was, in view of its predominantly Bulgarian character, fairly inexcusable, but revisionists like M. Pozzi do not make it sufficiently clear as to whether they advocate that Macedonia should become independent or entirely Bulgarian.

Louis Adamic, whose book *The Native's Return* gives a really convincing picture of Jugoslav life, has written: "The Black Hand was, in the Balkanic sense, a genuinely patriotic group." This describes the Macedonians only too well, and General Zhivkovitch is undoubtedly a genuine patriot too. It all goes to show what an appalling madness patriotism can be. Shall we never escape from the terrible ideology which makes men torment one another because they wish to hoist different flags over the same piece of land? Balkan politics are but a ghastly parody of what goes on elsewhere, let us hope.

E. W.

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MACMILLAN

F. H. BRADLEY

Collected Essays. By F. H. BRADLEY. *Oxford University Press.* Two vols. 36*s.*

The publication of Bradley's essays and papers completes that recognition of his unique place in the history of British philosophy in the last half century of which the bestowal of the Order of Merit was the most august symbol. Those who did not share his philosophical views have a special opportunity of acknowledging the integrity, solidity and subtlety of his philosophical thought and of doing homage to a really doughty seeker after philosophical truth. The opposite point of view has been put by quoting the well-found story of an Oxford Hindu who concluded a philosophical essay with the words: "Conclusion is, Christianity no good for fighting nation, so hurrah for Sir Bradley and self-realisation."

Of the thirty-two important papers here collected, the "Presuppositions of Critical History," originally published as a pamphlet, and the unfinished and hitherto unpublished paper on Relations appears the most interesting to the present reviewer. In the former Bradley wrote:

> It seemed clear . . . that the canon of history was—the historian. . . . The historian, as he is, is the real criterion; the ideal criterion . . . is the historian as he ought to be. And the historian who is true to the present *is* the historian as he ought to be.

This may be interestingly compared with the more familiar thesis, derived from Croce, that history is the study of the whole of the present under the aspect of how it has come to be. In the con-

clusion of this pamphlet, in a passage obviously destined to be the delight of future prose anthologists, a lyrical note in praise of criticism is struck which bears comparison with the better-known purple patch about the "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories" in Bradley's "Logic." Here he writes of criticism:

> For however humble the sphere of her rule, yet at least, while within that sphere, criticism is subject to no intrusion and oppressed by no authority. She moves on her path unheedful of the warning, unheedful of the clamour, of that which beyond her realm may be or may call itself religion and philosophy; her philosophy and her religion are the realisation and the fruition of herself, and her faith is this, that while true to herself she can never find an enemy in the truth.

In these accents we detect what could be truly called the beginning of Bradley's life-long romance, illustrated too by his familiar definition of philosophy as the finding of bad reasons for what one believes on instinct, with the characteristic addition that the finding of those reasons is also an instinct, right down to the unfinished paper on Relations written in 1924. The sequence shows the development and the small change in Bradley's thinking.

The very first sentence of the latter study reads: "We all, I think, are agreed that the question as to relations, their nature, truth, and reality, is both central and difficult." And in no conventional sense Bradley's last essay has a special interest and importance, and if at the end he was saying what he said at the beginning the fact is his own tribute to his own supreme principle of consistency: "Concrete individuality, the ultimate inseparability of identity and difference, is in my view everywhere the character and the test of reality and truth, and no other view in the end but this to my mind is tenable." Again, at the very end: "Nothing to myself is real ultimately but that super-relational unity of the One and Many, which is at once the consummation and the pre-condition of all and everything."

It would be unreal not to refer to Bradley's controversial method and manner and even mannerisms. It was capable of reaching such a height and magnificence as almost to justify itself. A really supreme example of it is reprinted here, a reply to a famous criticism of the cardinal doctrine in "Appearance and Reality."

The other previously unpublished paper in these volumes, on the treatment of sexual detail in literature, also calls for mention with the monumental sanity of its concluding note: "I am wholly on the side of freedom in art and literature, and against those who would adapt them to the weaknesses, real or supposed, of young persons, or estimate their character by its effect on their own uncultivated or perhaps vicious personality."

In an embarrassment of riches I will conclude with a reference to Bradley's striking defence of phenomenalism in psychology on the ground that on this principle only is it possible to draw a line of division between psychology and metaphysics.

Bradley found the search for truth a necessity of his nature. The words are his, and they are a sufficient epitaph.

G. E. FASNACHT

NEW NOVELS

Men of Good Will. Book VIII. Provincial Interlude. By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

Not for Heaven. By DOROTHY MCCLEARY. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

Full House. By M. J. FARRELL. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Out of the Earth. By ELIZABETH HYDE. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Nor Helm nor Compass. By SNOWDON BLAKE. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

It was George Moore, in that vein of high-spirited personal prejudice which made him so entertaining yet so irresponsible a critic, who compared *War and Peace* to a picture gallery hung higgledy-piggledy with neatly limned *genre* pictures of the seventeenth-century Dutch school. Inept when it was levelled against *War and Peace*, his criticism, with far greater accuracy, might be applied to the crowded, brilliant, multi-coloured productions of M. Jules Romains. Each volume of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* adds a whole frieze of new canvases to the wall. Here are street scenes; small sharply drawn interiors full of grotesque and significant personages; broad perspectives that embrace the dusky horizons of Paris; expeditions into the erotic life of the town. M. Romains' new volume takes its material from the country. Chapter One shows us M. de Saint-Papoul, candidate for the parliamentary elections, against a background of provincial gossip and intrigue; and the narrative then proceeds to take in the marriage of his daughter, Jeanne—already intro-

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duced—and to provide a further glimpse of the two students, Jallez and Jerphanion, one of whom has travelled down to Bergerac to assist M. de Saint-Papoul in his campaign.

There is a magnificent picture of Paris throbbing and sweltering under the weight of the July sun :

> With the early days of July, the heat . . . shows a safe and swollen strength. . . . From the northern plains huge layers of air advance upon Paris, not to descend until, in a momentary detour, they have passed above the Ardennes and the Vosges. At first brisk and fresh, with an almost pungent dryness, carrying the sharp and gritty flavours of the wines that grow in those Eastern valleys, they thicken and get hotter as they come. Paris mornings are coloured then like steel. The vanishing vistas of the Avenues look like a sword-blade, and on the surrounding heights the silhouette of houses shows against a sky that is more than ever subtle in its shades. . . . The hill-tops of Belleville and Buttes-Montmartre, with their roofs and house-fronts, seem more than ever real and crowded. . . . The summits of the city's distant heights and the lower stretches of the sky, seen down the perspective of a street, join in a sort of midway no-man's-land, in which the quivering light looks less like the effect of atmosphere than the swarming movement of some half-descried activity. It resembles the combustion of innumerable atoms, the hot ashes at the base of a conflagration, the throbbing of a wall of flame held in behind a grate of steel.

It is possible that, by reading *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* in fits and starts—not waiting till four or five volumes had accumulated, and then reading the entire mass from beginning to end—I may have formed a somewhat prejudiced and fragmentary impression ; yet the author's plan, whatever it is, continues to elude me. Instead of penetrating deeper and deeper into the novelist's world, I seem to be glancing at it through a long file of lighted windows.

There is, in fact, something curiously external about M. Romains' treatment of the huge landscape that he has set himself to traverse. Keen, nevertheless, are the pleasures reserved for an industrious reader of his gigantic work. M. Romains has a remarkable descriptive gift ; and, though one's belief in the ultimate coherence of his undertaking may have begun to waver, the felicity of his observation rarely fails. A critic need only compare *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*—even *Provincial Interlude*, by no means its most interesting volume—with the average modern novel, English, French or American, that comes his way. How much bolder the characterisation ! How much wider and more ambitious the scope ! How much subtler the analysis of personal vagaries ! . . . Among the remaining novels under review, two are extremely entertaining, two interesting but unsatisfactory ; yet none of them bears the imprint of a really searching and individual mind. *Not for Heaven*, however, is a great deal more appetising than the novel-reviewer's everyday fare. This is the book that won a substantial cash prize offered by the magazine *Story* for the best first novel by any contributor to its pages ; and there is no doubt that Miss McCleary has a quite uncommon and, in some respects, unusually refreshing talent. Her use of dialogue—and at least seven-tenths of the book consists of dialogue—is delightfully brisk. The tone of the book is slightly sentimental—to the same extent, and rather in the same manner, as a previous American success, *February Hill* ; but its sentimentality is largely confined to the opening pages. Thereafter Mrs. Bostwick takes control and banishes all nonsense at her own expense.

Not for Heaven is the portrait of an entirely amoral character—not the type of character who practises paganism on a small but satisfactory private income, with the help of well-sprung sofas, carefully chosen delicacies and a bookshelf expensively stocked with limited editions of the more improper classics ; but an old woman, indigent, obscure and healthy, who is so much in love with life that she has no need of the support that religion, education and respectability are commonly thought to provide. She is tough, garrulous, dirty and foul-mouthed. The chief passion of her existence is the ancient cart-horse who has served her family for twenty-two years ; and the climax of the story comes when her son, whom she adores, brings back the shop girl whom he married on a holiday in Chicago, and the old horse falls victim to a severe cold. . . . Like the Rabelaisian heroine of *February Hill*, Mrs. Bostwick is at war with the repressive edicts of puritanical modern society. There is a good account of the conversation with which she entertains the local minister, who has been invited by her daughter to share their mid-day meal :

> " If you let anybody else lay lip to my cup—— " cried Mrs. Bostwick, with sudden fierceness——
> " I won't, Mother, of course," said Etta, " but—— "
> " Well, then," said Mrs. Bostwick, mollified. " It's like Ned and his nosebag," she explained to Mr. Poole. " . . . When Ned took sick—— "
> " Mother ! " put in Etta sharply.
> " Back when they castrated the poor soul he took sick, and I thought I was gonna lose him. And I promised him faithfully I'd lay his nosebag in along when I laid him away."
> " Ned's our horse," said Etta.
> " Yes, indeed," said Mr. Poole. " So I surmised."

Not for Heaven deserves to be—and, no doubt, will be—a resounding popular success. Also marked out for popularity is Miss M. J. Farrell's *Full House* ; but I am not sure that it is quite so accomplished a production as Miss Farrell's earlier and, I think, even more readable book, *Devoted Ladies*. Many novels slip through the reviewer's hands ; many incidents and characters drift through his memory. But some characters leave behind them a definite impression ; and, among these, I should include several odd and erratic figures from the story that Miss Farrell published a year or two back. In her new novel the balance between cynicism and romanticism is not held quite so deftly and delicately as in its amusing and caustic predecessor. Again, the scene of the book is laid in Ireland ; again, she writes of the eccentric denizens of Anglo-Irish country houses. But the tendency, away from cynicism towards romanticism, in *Full House* is becoming a little too obvious.

Yet *Full House* is a well-written and diverting novel. It is much better value, for example, than *Out of the Earth* or *Nor Helm nor Compass*, the former being a devastating study of what may happen to the priggish wife of an intellectual don if she deserts North Oxford and sets out on the voyage to Cythera, the latter a description of the loneliness that lies in wait for young and impressionable wireless operators who serve the British Mercantile Marine. Notwithstanding a somewhat clumsy style, *Nor Helm nor Compass* is an honest and, at times, a genuinely moving book. *Out of the Earth* starts well, with a description of the Victorian rustic household, ruled over by a tyrannous lady of the manor, in which the foolish heroine is brought up ; but the last episode proves a dreadfully bathetic business. Adultery *à la mode* is usually a bore. The academic version is even washier than one might have anticipated.

PETER QUENNELL

SHORTER NOTICES

The Burden of Plenty. Edited by GRAHAM HUTTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

It is difficult to believe that anyone was really very much enlightened by these eleven broadcast talks when they were originally delivered, and still harder to believe that anyone will learn very much from them in book form. It is not that they are bad talks, as far as they go ; but not one of the authors has time or space to develop his argument to a really conclusive point. As a result, each states his familiar thesis, with more or less baldness, according to the degree of his literary art. If a reader wishes very briefly to refresh his memory of the views of Mr. R. H. Brand, Dr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. H. D. Henderson, Mr. J. A. Hobson, the late Mr. A. R. Drage, Professor Lionel Robbins, Sir Arthur Salter, Mrs. Barbara Wootton, or Mr. Graham Hutton, he might do worse than spend half an hour turning over these pages. But we are inclined to agree with Mr. Keynes, who refused permission for the reprinting of his talk in the present series—though he allowed Mr. Hutton to summarise his argument—that the venture was not worth while.

Clerical Labour in Great Britain. By F. D. KLINGENDER. *Martin Lawrence.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Klingender is convinced that the process of " proletarianisation " is proceeding apace among the general body of black-coated workers in Great Britain ; and he strongly urges upon them the acceptance of their proletarian status and union of forces with the manual workers for the achievement of Socialism. In support of his case Mr. Klingender has amassed a great quantity of material, drawing on official and Trade Union sources, where they are available, on the material of the new London Survey of Life and Labour, and on private inquiries from a considerable number of sources. He has no difficulty in showing that a large proportion of the " black-coated proletariat " lives at a standard closely similar to that of the manual workers, or that black-coats in most occupations have suffered considerable salary cuts during the depression. He also stresses the prevalence of unemployment among clerical workers, and the recent growth of mechanisation in large offices. Mr. Klingender has brought together a valuable collection of facts and figures, which would be more telling if he were less obviously intent on ramming his moral home again and again and on proving how correctly Karl Marx foresaw the future of the black-coated workers. For, after all, what he has to say about the condition of the black-coats is fully consistent with a considerable increase in the numbers of the higher salary-earners and with a tendency to increasingly complicated class-differentiation.

The Local Social Survey in Great Britain. By A. F. WELLS, with a Preface by A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

This booklet had its origin in an inquiry undertaken for the Halley Stewart Trustees. Mr. Wells, having presented his report, wrote up for publication his own general impressions and opinions. The result is a critical survey, with bibliography, of the work done since Booth, and some suggestions for future policy. Social surveys may be concerned mainly either with poverty or with community life, and more or less attention may be paid to historical and environmental factors. So far the best results have been obtained by statistical examinations of the life of the poor, conducted with proper reference to special local circumstances. Mr. Wells explains the methods used, indicates the traps and shows the difficulty of securing sufficient uniformity of treatment to allow of comparisons. For these surveys have nearly always been inspired by local interests and carried through by local enterprise, and their ultimate object has been practical—to throw light on a social problem. Mr. Wells thinks that the local survey will not be rendered obsolete by an improved and more frequent census. But he is not very precise about the tasks he would like it to perform. He wants studies of local customs and social attitudes, but does not indicate the method to be used. He wants enquiries into the local effects of such administrative measures as the Means Test. But surely, if this is to be done by the method of survey at all, it implies comparative studies.

Week-end Competitions

No. 282

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The problem of making the punishment fit the crime has occupied the minds of reformers, satirists, Utopians, psychologists and officials since the days of Elizabeth Fry. Officially the difficulty has been solved blanket fashion by imposing sentences of imprisonment, or fines, for most breaches of the law, great or small; but there was a time—and why should it not come again?—when the prisoner might at least expect a little variety. There were the pillory and the stocks; there was the press gang. Must humanitarianism lead to monotony? Samuel Butler wanted our criminals to go to hospital. There has been a suggestion that some offenders should be publicly floodlit—but I believe this was for political ineptitude. I therefore invite proposals—which must not be wantonly frivolous, and, if satirical, must have an arguable aptness—for punishments fitting to the following crimes and misdemeanours. Satire is not essential. I hope also for serious originality.

(1) Fraud. (2) Blackmail. (3) Manslaughter (motoring). (4) Breach of Promise. (5) Soliciting. (6) Selling drink after hours. (7) Perjury. (8) Street Betting offences. (9) Seducing His Majesty's Forces. (10) Riot (political). (11) Assault.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 280

Set by John Marks

Recently a traveller, embarking on the same boat as Aimée McPherson, insured himself against "getting" religion on the voyage. What five current "risks" of this sort in modern life, not usually covered by the policies issued by insurance firms in this country, do you consider most inconvenient and most worth guarding against? A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best entries.

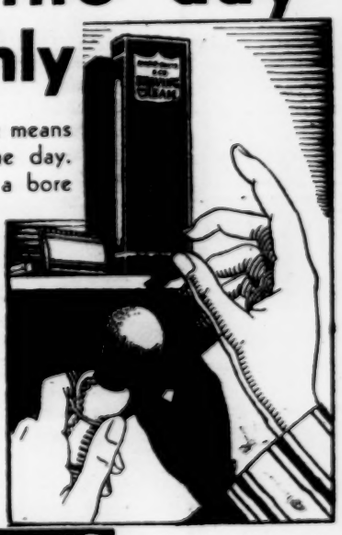
Report by John Marks

Anyone judging solely by the entries for this competition would be forced to the conclusion that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION were a particularly timorous lot, hagridden by a variety of public apprehensions and a prey to acute and continual private dread. The standard of invention in these lists of dangers seemed to me remarkably high, and as the note most frequently struck was the right one—that of a fretful individualism—from a fear of "getting into 'This England'" to "super-tax" and "being found out"—it was difficult to decide which of many excellent entries should carry off the prize. Judgment became a matter of degrees of fellow-feeling: I could, for instance, more readily and personally sympathise with Mr. L. V. Upward's horror of "becoming a 'twice-a-week' filmgoer, and thereby endangering health of mind, body and purse," than with Mr. Guy Innes's fear of "encountering a superfluity of nuns"; and "onions repeating" seemed to me a more avoidable risk than Southron's "'getting' atheism on the same voyage in the same company as that mentioned in the example."

The two most widespread neuroses of all appear to be: "going as rustic as Beverley Nichols" and "being mistaken for a Jew when travelling in Germany"; and, of course, most competitors wished particularly to guard against "isms," political or otherwise ("from Buchmanism to nudism," as "Safety First" expressed it), while many were concerned about possible loss of principles resulting from visits to Tattoos, Air Pageants, etc. Perhaps the best political risk to be covered was that, for the politician, of "an opponent discovering his opinions of ten years ago." Frequent fears were expressed of fathering crooners, writing bad novels, B.O., and becoming or not becoming emotionally entangled while on holiday. For instance, several competitors sought protection from "accidental proposals of marriage, i.e., by moonlight on a pier" (as Mr. James Hall described such calamities), and discovery of their favourite holiday haunt or beauty-spot was a frequent source of worry. I particularly liked Miss Violet Hoare's wish to be insured against "what appears to be an overwhelming temptation—the urge to write a book on any foreign country after having visited it for a fortnight's holiday," and can sympathise with the desire for compensation should one come to "believe oneself a poached egg on toast" (Mr. R. J. H. C. Ross), or for "damage to personal vanity in the event of general use of gas-masks" ("Blogg"); but I contend that Mr. A. H. Godwin's "sleeping on a beach crowded with bathing beauties" would be too mixed a misfortune to count as a real bogy, and I was astonished to find that such real risks as "being made to work" and "meeting a man to whom one owes money" occurred once only! Perhaps, after all, competitors were more valiant than I first thought. . . .

Somewhat stumped, I admit, by an *embarras de richesse*, I would recommend that the two-guinea prize should go to Mrs. Dorothy Innes,

Start the day Smoothly



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and would at the same time respectfully suggest to her that she devote part of the prize-money to compensating Mr. Geoffrey Innes, of the same address, for some of his fears, since these include "misplaced generosity," "putting things in safe places" and "having to be seen and not heard," The second prize, I think, should go to Mr. M. MacNicol.

FIRST PRIZE

Insurance against:

Inheriting a lighthouse.
Letters of Introduction.
Being put in a book.
Practical jokers.
Inquisitive neighbours.

DOROTHY INNES

SECOND PRIZE

Insurance against:

(1) Conscience in business in general, and income-tax returns in particular.
(2) "The old school tie."
(3) Entanglement in the nets of the "fishing fleet."
(4) The danger of offending only rich relative.
(5) "Fan" affliction.

M. MACNICOL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 137.—GIUCO PIANO

"I'm competing," said Gambitt, "in the Minor Open Reserves at Pawnville."

"Oh, yes? Do you expect to win a prize?"

"Can't say. There are four prizes altogether."

"And how many competitors?"

"Twelve. But of course they may divide one or more of the prizes. Scoring is on the usual plan, you see: one point for a win, half a point for a draw. One year all twelve competitors scored 5½ points; the four prizes were divided among them. Last year three competitors tied for first place—they shared the first three prizes—then came three more competitors with equal points; they divided the fourth place. So, you see, there's always a chance."

"If I were you, Gambitt," I said, "I wouldn't be too ambitious. Aim at scoring just enough points to be certain of at least a share in a prize."

"Good idea," said Gambitt, "but how many points is that?"

How many points is it?

PROBLEM 135.—INVOCATION

All the clues for the solution are here, but few solvers have spotted them all.

The invocation is "Ducdame" (*As You Like It*, Act 2, Scene v). Few solvers have spotted it. Once found, it is obvious enough that this is the right "invocation." It has 7 letters, for the elimination of 7 boys, and the first letter is D, which, proceeding *clockwise* on the eeni-meeni-mo principle, eliminates Boor. (This is the clue which makes it clear that the Doctor goes round clockwise—in any case the natural order.)

The boys are thus eliminated in the following sequence:

	Count	
D	4	Boor.
U	22	Nosey.
C	3	Crayfish.
D	4	Stingo.
A	1	Jay.
M	13	Foolhardy.
E	5	Widdershins.

Hence the boy who escapes flogging is Lollipop-Lollipop.

PROBLEM 134.—HIS SUBJECT IS YOUR OBJECT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. E. Matthews, 4 Westfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 133.—BEAUTY QUEENS

Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

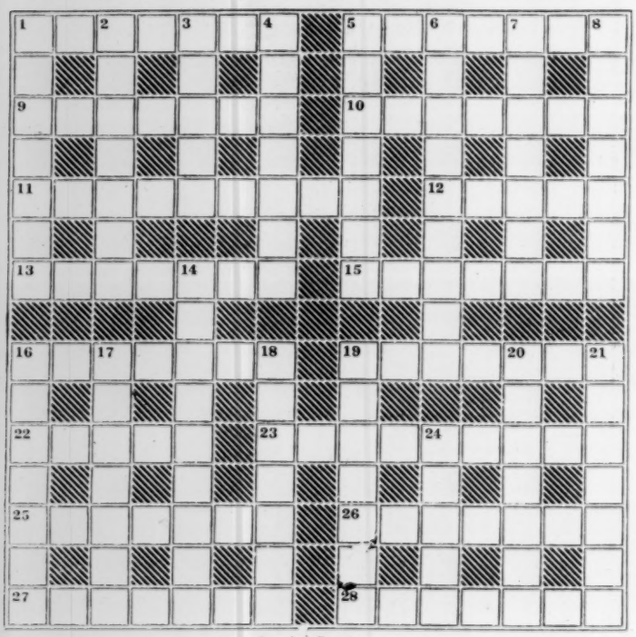
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 283

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mr. O. D. Hamer, 14 North Park Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds.

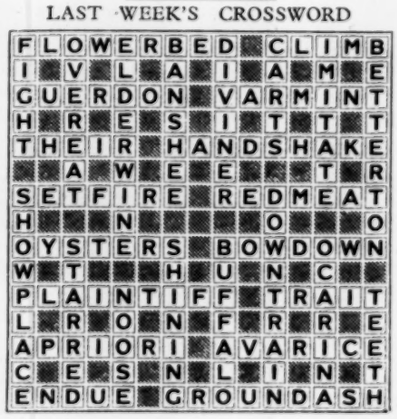
ACROSS.

1. Academicians eat off this no doubt.
5. A coin will unless it's tails.
9. It has a brief introduction in church.
10. L.G. with a beard.
11. Pet albinos, not arctic rodents.
12. A bit mad with a worn out horse.
13. Hides the beauty of the East.
15. Athletes who give you beans.
16. Deficiency in bed.
19. The young girl should not fail to pick it.
22. Down with the T.U.C.
23. Such a university athlete could not throw his weight about much.
25. He sounds like the beginning of a flight.
26. Fit awards for winter sport champions.
27. They hold the lace.
28. Woman leads the others to the mountain.

DOWN.

1. Where traffic runs on 6.
2. Choice pieces in print.
3. Stony conditions on the rocks.
4. This shepherd was hoggish.
5. A frightful name for the anteater?
6. Presumably drawn with an H pencil.
7. Empty words after the last guest has departed.
8. Jaques's melancholy wrapped him in a most humorous one.
14. How Thackeray would no doubt end war.
16. If the sauce be stirred you'll find the reason.
17. Give it a rest by way of a change.
18. How the suit led weakens.
19. Musical moment for the old clothes man?
20. Sounds like a female ringer.
21. Describes the diver's equipment.
24. He met me on the subject.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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L 44

DOES CAPITALISM CAUSE WAR?

FOREWORD BY VISCOUNT CECIL

A Discussion by

NORMAN ANGELL, H. N. BRAILSFORD, HAROLD J. LASKI, LEONARD WOOLF, FRANK HARDIE, J. P. M. MILLAR, MAY MUNRO, "A SOCIALIST."

(Based on the recent correspondence in "*The New Statesman and Nation.*")

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

ADVANCE IN WALL STREET—THE STREET OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS

WHY is it that the City man on holiday instinctively turns his paper to read first of all the Wall Street news? There is nothing in the native scene to cause depression, except the crowds. On the London Stock Exchange industrial shares generally have been firm and unseasonably active. If coal shares and home railway stocks have reacted on near-sighted views—the former on expectations of strikes and the latter on disappointment over the interim dividends—iron and steel and brewery shares have been strong. The steel cartel agreement has been signed, Watney, Combe have increased their dividend and oceans of beer are being drunk in this divinely thirsty summer. But the home news is becoming rather stale. No element of surprise is possible in a country which is completing its third year of cheap money, nearing its peak in house-building and re-equipping itself with capital goods without drastically reconstructing its capital goods industries. Even the Federation of British Industries has now been seized of the idea that "too great a proportion of our revival in industrial activity has been due to the demands of the home market; too little has been due to a real development of the export trade which is vital to the future prosperity of the country" (*vide* F.B.I. "Survey of Britain's Recent Commercial Policy"). But Wall Street has the element of eternal surprise. No one except the chart-readers dare forecast what the American market will do from day to day, but everyone is convinced that in the long run it must go up and up. Why? Just because under the capitalist system the seeds of a boom are sown in the furrows of a long depression. One might think that British investors would remember the losses they have made in Wall Street. Not a bit. They are still mindful of the 1929 high prices of their favourite stocks. Once bitten, twice confident. Even the Scottish investment trusts are optimistic. The make-up of their portfolios practically leaves them no option.

* * *

The first surprise of the recent advance in Wall Street is its non-speculative character. Brokers' loans have actually declined. One reads: "The total borrowing of Stock Exchange members against stock collateral on August 1st was $769 millions against $809 millions on July 1st. The percentage of these borrowings of the market value of all shares listed on August 1st was 1.98 as compared with 2.23 on July 1st." New York brokers uniformly report that the buying of common stocks is in small lots and well distributed and paid for. In other words, savings are being made by the man in the street and investments are being gradually accumulated. The present advance in stock prices dates from March. Previous attempts at recovery, beginning in August last year, had been rather dismal failures. A fresh "bottom" was found in the middle of March, but since then the advance has been steady and continuous, as the following table will show:—

INDICES OF STANDARD STATISTICS

Common Stocks.	Middle of March.	July 31st.	% Rise.
351 Industrials.. ..	74.5	93.9	26.04
33 Rails	27.4	36.4	32.85
37 Utilities	52.2	76.3	46.17
Total 421 stocks ..	63.1	81.5	29.16

Even more remarkable advances have been scored by the marginal industrial and utility preferred shares. A few representative examples follow:—

	Low 1935.	Present Price.	% Rise.
Bethlehem Steel preferred	55¾	86½	54.7
National Power and Light 6% preferred	46¾	75	60.9
Radio Corp.: B pref.	35½	62½	76.6

* * *

What can be recommended at the moment? It is difficult enough to advise on British stocks, but it is much more harassing on American, in spite of the wealth of statistical data. Investors will probably confine their attention to well-covered preferred shares giving yields of 5 per cent. or over, such as Public Service of New Jersey 5 per cent. preferred shares at 99 to yield 5.05 per cent. There are, however, a few preferred shares with arrears of dividends which are still attractive speculations:—

	Arrears of Dividend.	Low 1935.	Present Price.	Yield %
Remington Rand 7% pref.* ..	See note	71¾	94	7.71
Spang Chalfant 6% pref.† ..	$17.00 (July 1st, 1935)	59½	87	8.57
Wheeling Steel 6% pref.‡ ..	$21.50 (July 1st, 1935)	46½	84	7.14
Shell Union 5½% pref.§ ..	$22	63½	97½	—

* Under the reorganisation plan recently adopted the 7 per cent. preferred stock will receive one 5 per cent. preferred share of $25 (callable at $25), one $6 preferred share (callable at $100), and one-half share of common stock. The 7 per cent. preferred stock will, therefore, receive in future a dividend of $7.25. Current earnings are now running at a much higher rate than in 1934.

† This company, a subsidiary of National Supply Co., supplies the oil industry with drilling pipe, etc. Current dividends are being earned. Payments of $0.50 on account of arrears were made in December, 1934; January, April, and June, 1935. Yield assumes payment of arrears and current dividends.

‡ A dividend of 75 cents was paid on October 1st, 1931, and on January 1st, 1932. Dividends were resumed on April 1st, 1935, with a payment of 50 cents, and another 50 cents was paid on July 1st, 1935. Above yield is taken on present price ignoring arrears, which do not appear likely to be paid at present. Yield allowing for arrears would be 9.6 per cent.

§ The report for the second quarter of 1935 showed a net profit of $1,649,775 against a net loss of $897,591 for the corresponding period in 1934. Preferred dividends only require $2,200,000 per annum. Consumption of oil products is steadily increasing and President Roosevelt has called a conference to discuss new legislation for the control of oil production. Allowing for the arrears the yield would be 7.26 per cent. if dividends are paid.

* * *

Common shares are of course more of a gamble, but I will be bold enough to give the following list:—

	Low 1935.	Present Price.	Dividend.	Dividend Yield %
American Tobacco "B" ..	74⅞	99½	$5	5.02
Commercial Credit* ..	39½	51	$2.00	3.92
First Boston Corpn.† ..	24	54	$2.40	4.44
General Motors	26⅝	41½	$3‡	7.27
Lehmann Corp.§	67½	92½	$2.40	2.59
Union Carbide	44	62⅞	$2.40	3.82

* The net income applicable to the new preferred would be nearly five times dividend requirements, leaving $4.17 earned on increased amount of common stock.

† Earnings for the year ending June 30th, 1935, were $5.12 per share, on which yield is 9.48 per cent.

‡ Assuming regular payment of 25 cents bonus.

§ An extra dividend of 25 cents per share in addition to regular quarterly dividend of 60 cents was paid on April 5th, 1935.

It is not safe in these days to buy stocks blindfold and trust to their moving in company with the general index. The market has become very selective. But these common stocks *should* move with the market. If you make a badly timed entry into this street of great expectations, please do not blame me.

Fortunately

for us the readers of this paper have imagination and, therefore, it is not necessary for us to take you into the sweltering slums of London and ask you how you would like your children to breathe that air and live under those conditions, day in day out, week after week, year after year, without a break—but for what organisations like the Children's Country Holidays Fund give them. But 'give' is not the word, for almost without exception the Thirty-Two Thousand children sent for a whole fortnight's holiday into the country contribute something towards the cost. Often it is a substantial contribution—the circumstances of each case are taken into consideration in fixing what each child's parents can afford — but sometimes the Fund bears the entire cost, because the child's parents cannot contribute a penny. It costs a Pound (normally) to send one child away for a Fortnight. Will you pay for at least one? We want and need it *now*, please. Thanks.

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ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

COLISEUM. Gay Deceivers. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

HIPPODROME. Love Laughs—! Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls, Tu., F.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Sq. Whitehall 2525.
WED. NEXT, Aug. 14, at 8.30, subs. Evgs., 6.30 & 9.
Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
TULIP TIME.
GEORGE GEE, STEVE GERAY,
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CAMBRIDGE. Monday, Aug. 12th at 8.15.
Matinees, Thursday, Saturday, 2.30.
(For Two Weeks). The MACDONA PLAYERS in
MAN AND SUPERMAN by Bernard Shaw.
Future Plays to be announced later.

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EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
"A Great Musical Comedy."—*Daily Mail.*
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COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
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"Excellent mixture of laughter and thrills."—*D. Tele.*

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
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DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

HIPPODROME. Gerrard 3272.
EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
"LOVE LAUGHS —!"
"Rich and rollicking Musical Comedy."—*Morning Post.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
Celia Johnson. Robert Harris.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

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This popular comedy team in one of their first farces.

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